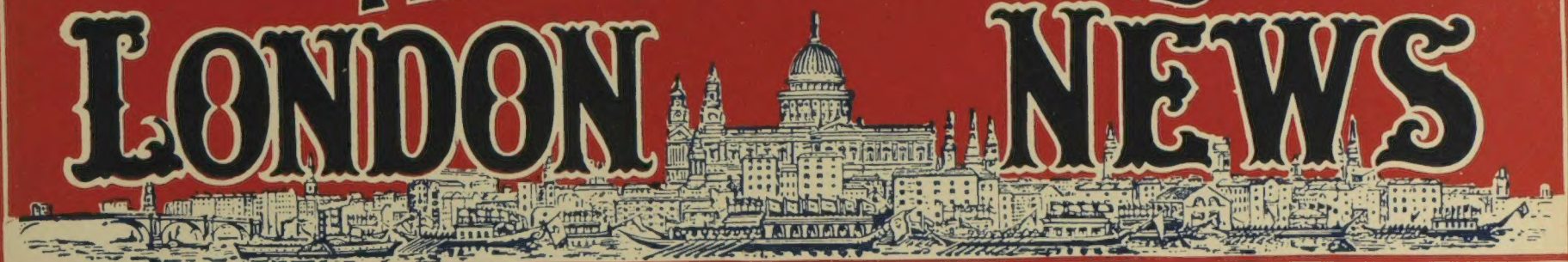


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1931.



**"MR. HENRY PU YI," EX-EMPEROR OF CHINA, A MYSTERY FIGURE OF THE MANCHURIAN DISPUTE:  
THE FORMER RULER WITH THE EX-EMPRESS, IN THE GARDEN OF HIS TIENTSIN RESIDENCE.**

The movements of Hsuan Tung, the youthful ex-Emperor of China, since he left his place of exile in Tientsin on November 12, have aroused world-wide interest—an interest very much increased by the statement that he had arrived in Manchuria, especially as it was reported at that time that, although the Japanese Government had not considered the possibility of his being proclaimed Ruler of Manchuria, an official had said: "If the Chinese want to restore the Emperor, it is their business. So far as we are concerned, the former Emperor is free to go where he pleases." It will be recalled that the ex-Emperor, who was born in 1906, succeeded his uncle, Kuang-hsu, as an infant of two, under

the name of Hsuan Tung. He abdicated when China became a Republic in 1912, and in 1924 he was expelled from the Forbidden City of Peking by the Christian General, Feng Yu-Hsiang. Very shortly afterwards his English tutor, Mr. R. F. Johnston, brought him into safety in the Legation Quarter. In the spring of 1925 he went to Tientsin, and took up his residence in the Japanese Concession. Of late years he has been known, at his own request, as Mr. Henry Pu Yi. In December 1922 he married the daughter of Jung Yuan, a Manchu noble. In the photograph there are seen with the ex-Emperor and Empress Lord and Lady Willingdon and (on the left) Mr. R. F. Johnston.



## THE MENTALITIES OF THE JAPANESE AND THE CHINESE: THE RESPONSIBLE AND THE IRRESPONSIBLE.

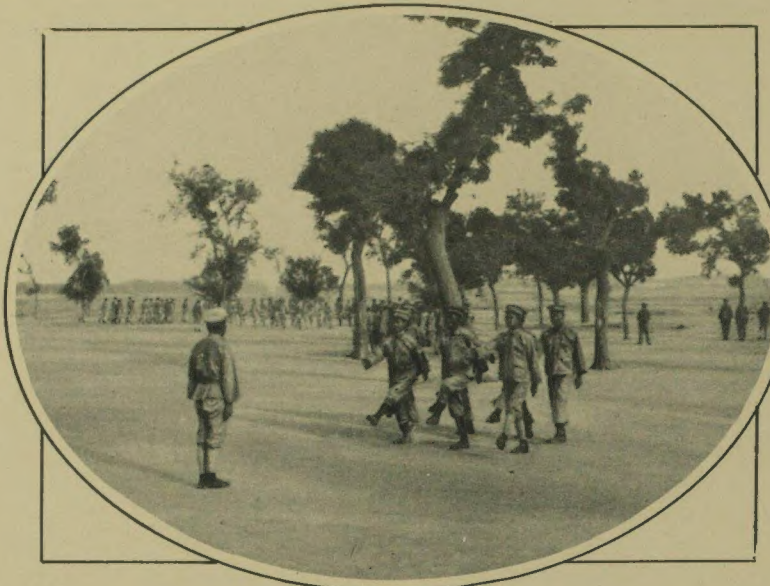
THE controversy between China and Japan is in the eye of the public, and seems to be producing more than the usual allowance of surmise and conjecture, mostly from pens whose owners owe their knowledge of the two countries very largely to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." To know the countries at first hand is essential for any true estimate to be formed of the conflicting interests. As the Irishman said: "If you go any further than Japan, you are coming back." They are on the opposite side of the world to us; we see things different ways; and there is good in each view, and bad. Far Eastern conditions cannot be judged by those Occidentals who know only the West. The truest judgment on the present disagreement is probably to be arrived at over the stepping-stone of the mentalities of the two peoples, which I shall try to describe as I know it.

The Chinese, and this refers to the north in particular, are an easily contented and cheerful people, capable of living on next to nothing and willing to work any hours if there is money to be made, while under some supervision they produce a regularity of good work which would shame most other nations. They are conservative and peace-loving, and will spend a lifetime in a good and regular job. They are honest within their quite strict standard. Having astonishing memories, they rarely need to be told a thing twice. They are amazingly enduring under hardship. With such a people, where is the cause of failure?

Under an established administration you have the model subordinate, which the Chinese becomes directly he recognises a regular authority, even though a bad one; which, in a way, is a defect, for he allows himself to be exploited by every adventurer of his own nationality who seizes power. He has little patriotism, for his unit is the family and his loyalty is centred there. His allegiance is to its head, and the latter is responsible for the welfare of its members. Consequently, when a Chinese finds himself in authority, be it as governor of a province, war lord, or No. 1 houseboy, the national duty asserts itself. His tenure of power may be short, and he must establish the fortunes of the family quickly, and it may then be necessary for him to withdraw. The Foreign Concessions are full of large houses owned by rich Chinese who have acquired fortunes outside, and who are now living, under a foreign ægis, with electrified wires on their garden walls and with specially employed police guarding their gates.

All this, to Western ideas, is a sad state of things, but to the Chinese it is his code, and their reverence to parents and ancestors is a thing which might well be studied by Europeans and Americans. The father would on his part

worker, and he gives as much as he asks. The inclination, at any rate of the northern Chinese, is towards honesty, and his word is generally to be relied upon that an undertaking will be carried out. It is rarely necessary to obtain a receipt when you have paid your bill in a shop. A sense



CHINESE RECRUITS BEING TAUGHT THE GOOSE STEP: THE MAKING OF SOLDIERS OR BANDITS—THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO IS ONLY A MATTER OF PAY!

of humour is his greatest asset, and he can laugh with others against himself. A laughter-lover, he has few of the traits of the sleuth which the West attributes to him. Himself a model of courtesy, he resents lack of it in others. When roused, he is a cruel fiend.

An incident will illustrate the Chinese amenability to regulated discipline. Three years ago a civil war was being waged outside Tientsin, and the perimeter of the Concessions was occupied, for safety sake, by the foreign contingents. A British platoon was posted on a bridge near the boundary of the Concession, and beyond this were three miles of infamous mud-track before the next turning. An officer who one day visited the part learned that Chinese troops, often in large parties, were finding their way to the post, only to be turned back, and it occurred to him that they could be saved this inconvenience if a notice-board were put up at the next turning telling them not to come. This was done, and the post saw no more Chinese, while the notice-board remains at the cross roads to this day.

The immensity of the country is seldom realised. It covers an arc of the world as wide as from Scotland to Sierra Leone, and as deep as from Lisbon to Persia. Its languages are almost as diversified as those of Europe; actually the written language is the same, but the pronunciations render it unintelligible between province and province. There are a few railways, mostly single-lined, and some good waterways, along which there is traffic in winter,

even in the north, when they are navigated by *p'aizies*—sledges punted by steel-shod poles operated from between the punter's legs. Roads for the most part are few, and beyond the towns there are only the mud-tracks, unmetalled and only made up—and that occasionally—with cinders from the villages, and even these cinders are re-picked and taken away again by the poorest to be reburned. The Oriental indifference to death is apparent in the coffins which stud the sides of these tracks. They are either of those who have been brought so far, but for lack of funds the funeral has got no further, or else of those who were strangers to the district and have been left till, if ever, they may be claimed and taken for burial to their own districts. Death is as natural as birth; there is nothing to be disturbed about. On these awful tracks, scored with ruts and holes, the population plods with its wheelbarrows and mulecarts, endlessly patient, endlessly working, and for ever facing bandit, locust, and flood.

There are millions of Chinese under arms. The rule of Nanking extends in the district round the city, but is precarious even there. The south, Canton, is disaffected; Shantung only nominally controlled; Shansi has recently been at open war with Nanking, and Manchuria is a law to itself, though nominally a province of so-called Unified

China.\* The great west is uncontrolled. Bands of alleged Communists wander the country, but the Chinese have no opinion of any foreigner or of his ways, and Communism is as good a peg as any to hang the bandit's hat on. Troops are raised by local war lords, but the ringing of the changes between soldier and bandit is only a matter of pay, whether forthcoming at the moment or otherwise. The results of engagements between rivals are largely controlled by influences other than those of strategy and tactics, so there is little incentive to the rank and file to make good soldiers, though the material exists, as was very clearly shown in Gordon's "Ever Victorious Army," and in the old China Regiment of Wei-hai-wei, which was disbanded early in this century.

To turn now to the Japanese. They are a small nation, whose distinguishing trait is an intense nationality, with an inextinguishable perseverance. By sheer grit they have become a first-class Power, built up in all respects on Western lines, politics, industry, commerce, and armament. Rightly, as the fruits of their labour, they are the dominant power in the Far East, where they are scrupulous in their observance of Western methods in diplomacy, wherever the nation they are dealing with is capable of reciprocating their behaviour. Perhaps less lovable than the Chinese, less good animal-masters,

less sensitive to throttle and steering-wheel, and less endowed by nature in the natural resources of their country, they are supreme through love of country and of law and order. The worst enemies of China are her rulers; those of Japan command the respect of the world. The Japanese are a responsible nation; the Chinese are neither a nation nor responsible, and in the failure to realise particularly the latter fact lies the fallacy of European and American thought, and the failures of understanding as exemplified in the recent anticipation of war between China and Japan, as we know war. There are many Chinese soldiers, but no Chinese army, and it is little exaggeration to say that a Japanese division could march as and when it chose through China.

Japan is vitally concerned with Manchuria; she cannot tolerate anarchy there, nor interference with her subjects by Chinese bandits, any more than she will stand now for the penetration of the country from the north, which she fought in 1903 to prevent. She is the dependable factor



COFFINS BY THE ROADSIDE IN NORTHERN CHINA: WOODEN CHESTS WHICH HOLD, FOR THE MOST PART, THE BODIES OF STRANGERS TO THE DISTRICT, AND WILL NEVER BE INTERRED, SINCE THEY MIGHT ONE DAY BE CLAIMED BY RELATIVES FROM DISTANT PARTS.

be shamed if he neglected his duties, as, for instance, by failing to find posts for his relatives, however incompetent, just as we should be shamed if we did this very thing to the detriment of the public efficiency. Our points of view are different and there is good in each. The Chinese is delightful with his children, who are most attractive, dark-eyed little dolls, and he spends hours playing with them.

With animals he is good, though probably less from love of them than from what they can give him, either artistically or commercially, if he treats them properly. The singing birds of the Chinese are one of his principal relaxations; competitions are held, and good performers are very highly prized. It is a regular thing to see the clerks of the firm parking their birds outside on arrival in the morning. Where his beasts of burden are concerned, he is too good a business man to believe that the whip makes up for corn, while of wanton cruelty to animals there is little. One sometimes sees them worked lame or galled, but, taking all in all, their position in the commercial scheme of things obtains for them better treatment than in many other, including some European, countries. The whip, a light one, is used to drive the mule to its utmost capacity, but the driver will have his shoulder against the cart to help over the worst pieces of the road. He is essentially a



A CHINESE BABY: ONE OF THE ATTRACTIVE DARK-EYED CHILDREN WHOM THE CHINESE PARENT LOVES, AND WITH WHOM HE WILL PLAY FOR HOURS.

for law and order in the Far East, and as such is deserving of the sympathy of the civilised countries, typified, as one hopes it may yet be, by the wise men of Geneva.

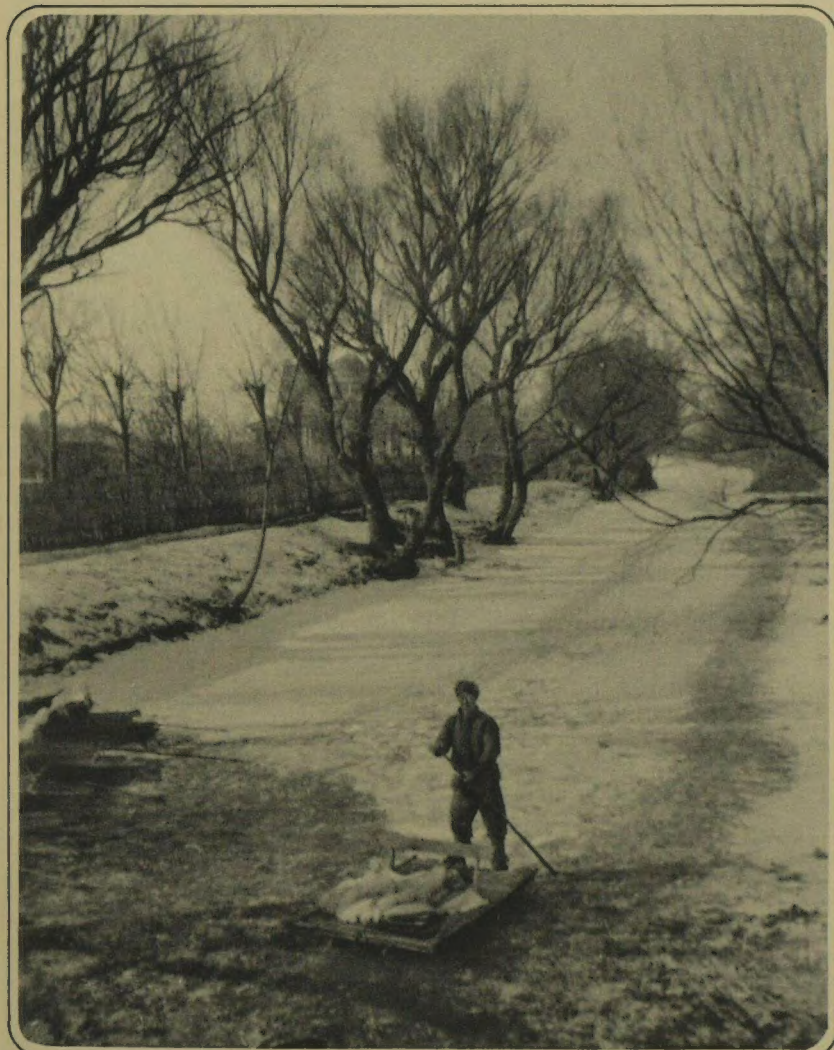
\* Since this was written, Manchuria is reported to have severed its relations with Nanking.



# "ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE WORLD TO US": CHINESE STUDIES.



A PAPER STAFF-OFFICER AND A PAPER MOTOR-CAR WITH A PAPER CHAUFFEUR AMONG THE EFFIGIES TO BE BURNT AT THE GRAVE OF A CHINESE GENERAL THAT HE MAY BE FITTINGLY ATTENDED AND EQUIPPED IN THE NEXT WORLD: DUMMIES BORNE IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.



A "P'AITZE" ON A FROZEN CREEK: A SLEDGE PUNTED BY A STEEL-SHOD POLE ALONG A WATER-WAY IN THE COLD OF A NORTHERN CHINESE WINTER.

The dispute between Japan and China in Manchuria has drawn the attention of the world to the Far East. For that reason, the article on the opposite page, which contrasts the character of the Chinese (or at least of the Northern Chinese) with the typical Japanese mentality, is of peculiar interest. In China, the unit is the family; round that centre the life of all classes, from peasant to nobleman, revolves. In Japan the spirit of patriotism is paramount. Intimately bound up with the Chinese feeling for family is the cult of ancestor-worship; and from that, again, follows the devotion with which the interests



A NOTICE-BOARD THAT TURNED AWAY ARMIES: AN ORDER, INVARIABLY OBEYED, WRITTEN IN ENGLISH AND CHINESE TO DIVERT CHINESE TROOPS FROM A CUL-DE-SAC.

and needs of the dead in the next world are cared for by the living relatives. The original conception was of a material soul continuing its existence in a material world; but, by an extension of the earlier practice, paper effigies of the deceased's requirements, instead of the objects themselves, are now burnt by his grave, a fact illustrated by our first photograph. In the third photograph, the English version of the notice is: "Armed Chinese soldiers should move to west and east only and not come northwards along this road. For west gate Tientsin city move west along big dike; for road to Taku move east near railway."





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MR. ARTHUR BRYANT recently published, through Messrs. Longmans, a very thoughtful and interesting study of King Charles II. It was certainly a favourable portrait; but it was a portrait, and not an effigy or an idol or a whitewashed statue, any more than a caricature. There is room for difference of opinion about the proportions of the picture, but it was a picture of a real object. It has been the curse of our waxwork history that to each historical figure was attached some more or less legendary saying like a label, and even when the saying was partly true it always missed the point of the truth. The point, the peculiar truth, about Charles II. always seems to me to be this—that he was an amazing coincidence. He was a prince born to inherit a crown; and he was an extremely able man and, on a lower level, a sort of genius. The label, or literary allusion, officially attached to Charles II. is almost always that epigram by one of his intimates to the effect that he “never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one.” But indeed it was the epigrammatist who said the foolish thing. It was, in reality, nearly the reverse of the truth. Charles II., being a man who had maintained fashionable light conversation down to his very deathbed, being, moreover, a man who must have made love to about forty women, must surely have gone to his grave having said a very large number of foolish things. But he had also done a very large number of wise things; and some things which a critic might well criticise as too wise, as having rather the wisdom of the serpent than the harmlessness of the dove. Indeed, I cannot recall at the moment that he ever did a thing that was unwise, though on some occasions he may have done a thing that was unworthy. Mr. Belloc, in his book on James II., has in some sense emphasised this aspect. He has in some sense set James II. against Charles II.; the former as the thoroughly sincere man who always has the appearance of being stupid and stubborn, the latter as the complex, compromising, and less heroic man who always seems to be tactful and reasonable. Mr. Arthur Bryant's version might almost be called a defence of Charles II. against this implied comparison. He has no difficulty in showing that Charles was in a desperately difficult position, that the main fault lay with the fools, frauds, and bigots who pressed upon him; but I am not sure whether he entirely disposes of the appeal to the heroic made by Mr. Belloc, who wrote: “If he had resisted, he would have lost his Crown. He should have resisted and lost his Crown. For there are other things that a man may lose.”

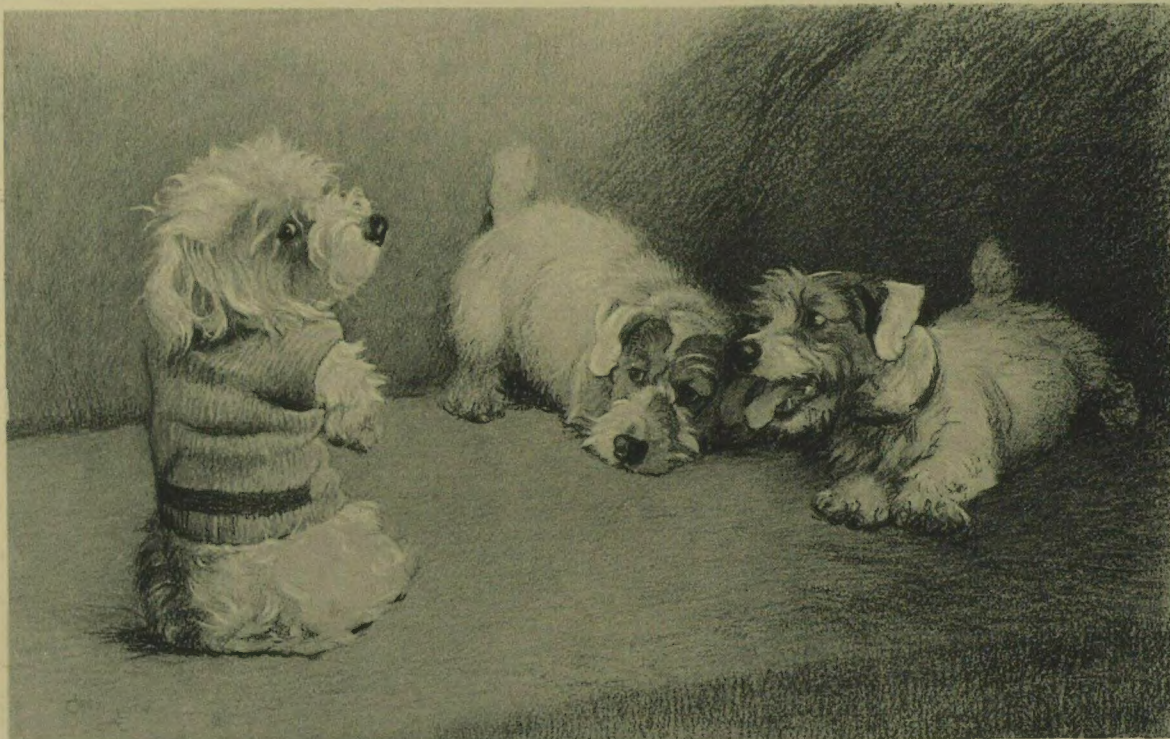
But, whatever we may think of the man's moral quality, I am still surprised that nobody has taken anything like adequate notice of his mental quality.

None of the Stuarts was stupid, in the sense that the term might be applied to the first German Georges. Mary Queen of Scots was brilliant and accomplished; James I. was a learned man; Charles I. was a cultivated man; James II. was a capable man, especially as an administrator of the Navy; and whatever be the truth about the rather dim and dismal figure of the First Pretender, it is obvious that Charles Edward of the '45 was a fighter and no fool. But it seems to me that Charles II. stands out from the Stuarts in really having the sort of brain that might have brought him into prominence if he had not been a prince. Much of the mistake arises from the blind and blundering trick of talking as if that sort of man were merely a “wit,” and talking as if “wit” were only a sort of silly spangle or tinsel ornament that any fool could flaunt. In fact, there is much more wisdom in the old use of the word “wit” than in the new. In the old phrases about a man setting his wits to work,

brains, in which his brains were certainly the best. He began with no cards at all; at least, he never had anything but bad cards in the worst time of the battle; he had all the ablest men of the age holding all the cards of the game against him; and he beat them all. He weathered a Revolution; which is only not classed with the Glorious Revolution or the American Revolution because he weathered it. And James II. and George III. did not. And he achieved a Restoration; not as a young prince coming back by the chance of birth or the choice of Parliament, but as an old, weary, and entirely lonely politician, in spite of Parliament, and by sheer unflagging intelligence. For the Restoration did not happen at the beginning of Charles's reign, but at the end.

It would be difficult to decide here on the merits of his cause, on which men will differ according to their religious and political partialities. It is well to note, however, that here again most people who discuss the politics miss the point. Thus they often read into the factions and fanaticisms of the period a modern democratic ideal that did not then exist either in the Whigs or in the King, but, if anything, rather more in the King than in the Whigs. When, for instance, Charles said that he thought his people would rather have one King than five hundred Kings, it is often taken, even by those who agree with it, as the usual Tory taunt at the formless tyranny of a mob. Certainly Charles, or any Tory of the period, might quite probably have uttered a taunt against the tyranny of the mob. But, in fact, in this case he meant much more exactly what he said, and what he said was perfectly correct. The Parliament was not the people, not even in the rather mechanical and clumsy way in which it is now supposed to be the people. It was based on a narrow suffrage, was honeycombed

with nepotism, and mostly nominated by nobles and squires. But the case was much stronger than that. It was, in its whole attitude and action, a privileged class; a ruling class; a thing like a house of Peers and Princes. It really was, as Charles said, a House of Five Hundred Kings. It had a special Parliamentary privilege, just as he had a special Royal prerogative; and it is true to say that the King strove with the Kings. All this comes out very clearly in Mr. Bryant's narrative of the nightmare controversy of the Popish Plot. I am not going to deal here with the Popish Plot in its other aspects, least of all in its Popish aspect. My interest for the moment is not even moral, let alone religious. It is entirely intellectual, and concerned only with an intellectual admiration, in the real sense of astonishment, for that one melancholy humourist who lived through the whole of that Bedlam and remained at least the sanest of English Kings.



“A FIGURE OF FUN”: A MINIATURE REPRODUCTION OF THE CECIL ALDIN COLOURED PRESENTATION PLATE GIVEN WITH THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF “THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.”

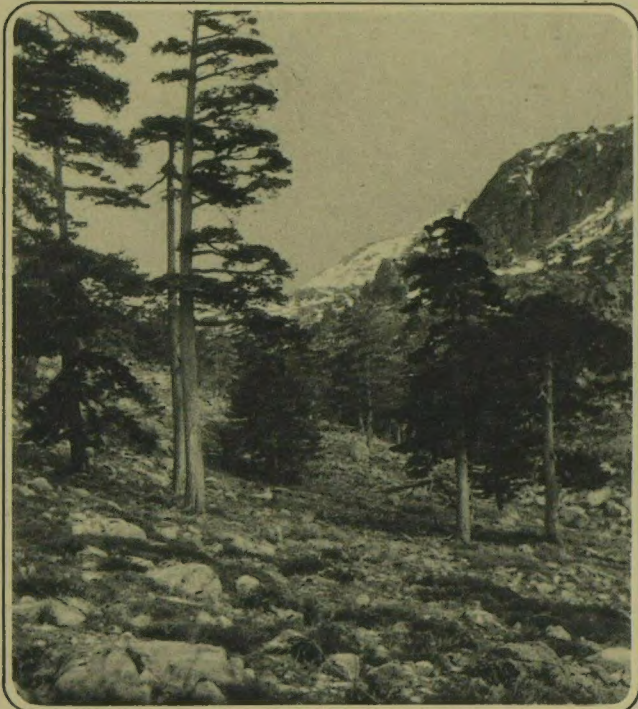
Those of our readers who rejoice in the possession of the Cecil Aldin dog pictures, “For What We Are About to Receive” and “For What We Have Received,” which we have given as Presentation Plates with our Christmas Numbers, will, we are sure, be glad to add this new companion Plate to the others. It is presented with “The Illustrated London News” Christmas Number for this year, which will be published on Monday next, November 23; and it can be said of it that it is not only a most popular example of the famous artist's work, but that it is so perfectly reproduced (with plate mark) that it can be framed with great effect. It may be added that the Christmas Number is also notable for many other reasons. Not only does it contain particularly engrossing stories, but it boasts very numerous pages in full colour, including “A Rod in Pickle for the Dutch,” a Pepsian episode picture by A. D. McCormick; “The ‘Pantomime’ of the Islanders of Java,” by Stowitts; “A Painter's Visions of Famous Poems,” by Mossa; “St. George he was for England,” by Ernest Dinkel; “The Etiquette of a Cup of Tea,” with paintings by Saiten Tamura; “Everyday Types of a Hundred Years Ago”; and “Floating Island,” by S. H. Sime.

or having wit enough to do this or that, the word was really used as a synonym for mind. It does almost always stand for mind, but especially for presence of mind. Many who quote the cheeky courtier's carefully prepared couplet about never saying a foolish thing and never doing a wise one do not mention Charles's much more piercing and quite impromptu reply to it, in that passage in which he is reported as answering: “I am an English King; and my words are my own, but my actions are my Ministers'.” The man who talked like that did not merely have wit, or what these people mean by wit; he had brains.

Now, if we read the detailed, dramatic, and thrilling account, in Mr. Bryant's book, of Charles II.'s long game of political Poker against the politicians of the Opposition, really brilliant men like Shaftesbury and Halifax, we shall be watching a pure battle of



# ROUNDING UP THE CORSICAN BRIGANDS: A "LITTLE WAR" IN A ROMANTIC ISLAND.



TYPICAL MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY IN THE HEART OF CORSICA, WHERE FRENCH TROOPS HAVE LATELY BEEN HUNTING BRIGANDS: THE FRINGE OF A PINE FOREST IN THE ASINAO VALLEY.



A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON IN THE CORSICAN BRIGAND COUNTRY: CLOUDS POURING OVER THE MAIN WATERSHED, FROM THE COLD EASTERN SIDE INTO A WARMER WESTERN VALLEY, IN A CONTINUOUS STREAM LIKE SNOW-WHITE WATER, MELTING AS THEY MEET WARMER AIR.



A CORSICAN BRIGAND'S "FORTRESS"—AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY TROOPS OF THE FRENCH EXPEDITION: A HOUSE BELONGING TO THE NOTORIOUS BANDIT, SPADA, KNOWN AS "THE TERROR OF THE MAQUIS," IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR CALCATEGGIO.



MECHANISED WARFARE AGAINST THE BRIGANDS OF CORSICA: ONE OF THE ARMoured CARS, MOUNTED WITH MACHINE-GUNS, TAKING PART IN THE FRENCH OPERATIONS.



THE MOST REDOUBTABLE OF THE CORSICAN BRIGANDS WHO WERE AT LARGE WHEN THE FRENCH FORCE ARRIVED IN THE ISLAND: ANDRÉ SPADA.



MODERN CORSICAN BRIGANDS: BARTOLI (RIGHT), RECENTLY KILLED IN A PRIVATE QUARREL; AND BORNEA, AN EX-GENDARME, HUNTED BY THE FRENCH TROOPS.



A MEMORABLE TYPE OF THE CORSICAN BRIGANDS OF RECENT YEARS: ROMANETTI, WHO WAS KILLED BY A PERSONAL ENEMY IN 1926.

The French authorities recently decided to extirpate the brigands of Corsica, who formerly restricted themselves to family vendettas, but of late years imitated American gangsters, levying toll on trade and road transport, especially postal services. Seven or eight leaders partitioned out the island among them and each ruled supreme in his district. André Spada, perhaps the most redoubtable, had closed the road to postal vans between Ajaccio and Sopigna for two months. On November 8 General Fournier landed at Ajaccio with a French force of 560 men, with armoured cars, a tank, machine-guns, and trained dogs, to co-operate with the gendarmerie in rounding up the brigands. One of them, Bartoli, the

"uncrowned king" of the Zicavo region, had been killed on November 6 by a timber-merchant from whom he had tried to extort money. The French force made many arrests, and seized stores of arms and munitions. Among other brigand leaders then at large was Bornea, an ex-gendarme. Formerly the most notorious was Romanetti, killed in 1926 by an enemy, while riding alone at night. He had aroused hatred by meddling in politics. By November 12 the French had occupied one of Spada's favourite haunts, a small fortress, with loop-holed walls, prepared for a siege. Later reports said that some of the leaders had taken to the *maquis* (bush) and it was hoped to starve them out.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT is a fearsome thing for a reviewer to tackle an author who writes: "I have practised the reviewer's business for forty years, and have 'noticed,' on a rough computation, something like six thousand books." From my point of view, such men are dangerous; they know too much. Having only been at it myself, off and on, for about twenty-five years, I realise the deference due to a man of experience. The veteran under notice here is the author of "ONE MAN'S ROAD." Being a Picture of Life in a Passing Generation. By Arthur Waugh. Illustrated (Chapman and Hall; 18s.). In his previous volume, "A Hundred Years of Publishing," Mr. Waugh gave a centenary record of the famous publishing firm (Chapman and Hall) of which he was chairman for many years, and the official side of his association with it. The new book tells his own personal story from the beginning, with memories of numerous literary friendships, and, finally, some paternal comments on his two clever sons and their early adventures in life and authorship, with interesting details on the genesis of that much-discussed school story, "The Loom of Youth."

Mr. Waugh has been more a cause of authorship in other men than an author himself, albeit he has written four other books besides those already mentioned, comprising biographical studies of Tennyson and Browning and two volumes of general criticism, "Reticence in Literature" and "Tradition and Change." The list of his own works, however, does not represent the sum total of his contribution to the literary life of our time, for a publisher of his calibre exercises a far greater influence, as guide, philosopher, and friend to other writers, than ever appears on the surface or is known to the reading public. In the republic of letters the administrator seldom has time to practise as a creative artist. But he has compensations, as appears from Mr. Waugh's own eulogy of his profession. "There are some people," he writes, "to whom the ordeal of an office life suggests nothing but dreary drudgery. . . . I can only say that it never depressed me. For the publisher is surely very fortunate in the nature of his medium; he is always occupied, not with dead material and the product of the engine-room, but with the living creation of the human mind. Every new author who enters his room brings with him a new problem of intimate psychological interest; every new book is a new adventure."

That Mr. Waugh had in him the makings of a creative writer is evident from his success at Oxford, where he competed for the Newdigate Prize, with a poem on "Gordon in Africa." He describes the sequel, and other incidents of his undergraduate career, in lively fashion. Having sent in his effort, he laid the odds against himself, at 100 to 1 in shillings, with two friends. Then one day next term there was a knock at his door. "A mild, bearded townsman presented himself, bearing all the outward stigmata of a dun. 'I am the Clerk of the Schools,' he said. 'I called round to tell you, Sir, that you have won the Newdigate.' I stared at him, as one struck dumb, and the only thought that occurred to me was this: 'I have lost ten pounds, and I have not where-with to pay it.' . . . I rushed across the quad to tell my good friend Conner. 'I've got it,' I cried. 'Got what?' he asked, and retreated a step, for fear of infection." Defending the Newdigate against the fashion of regarding it as a cenotaph of unfulfilled reputations, Mr. Waugh recalls the fact that "the list of winners does contain a few illustrious names." Among others he cites those of Matthew Arnold, Robert Stephen Hawker, John Ruskin, Sir Edwin Arnold, and Oscar Wilde—a sufficiently variegated poetic team.

To return, for a moment, to the subject of reviewing—Mr. Waugh pays tribute to two writers who profoundly influenced him. "The first antidote to sentimentality that came my own way," he says, "was Matthew Arnold's 'Essays in Criticism,' and it swept me off my feet." The other was Austin Dobson. "There was never a man of letters," we read, "more innocent of what Matthew Arnold called 'the saturnalia of ignoble personal passions,' which so distracts the peace of the literary life. Austin Dobson spoke ill of nobody; . . . and from him, more than from any other man I ever met, I derived a standard and principle of reviewing which I have tried to follow faithfully. . . . The reviewer, let it be suggested, is a sort

of door-keeper in the House of Criticism, whose special duty it is to introduce the author to the reader, and to act as interpreter between the two."

A publisher does not look on the world, or the uses of the printed word, from quite the same angle as the editor of a newspaper. I will not attempt to analyse the difference, as it can be more briefly shown by example than by precept. The example before me comes from a distinguished veteran of Fleet Street, long in control of a famous daily, and is entitled "ALL IN A LIFETIME." By R. D. Blumenfeld. With illustrations (Benn; 8s. 6d.). The book is divided into two parts, headed respectively: "What Did We Do in the Great War?" and "Personalities and Places." The first part contains a selection from the author's war-time articles and letters, which appeared in the *Daily Express* and elsewhere, while most of the personal sketches are here published for the first time. During the war Mr. Blumenfeld naturally had inside knowledge, and came into close touch with many of the leaders, military and political. I have never come across a book which gives so true and vivid a picture of what London was like in those dark years, or so penetrating a study of our thoughts and actions. One chapter that will appeal especially to journalists is

Was it Poseidon who is reported by Homer, at the beginning of the "Odyssey," to have gone a-visiting the far Ethiopians? Whoever it was, I have just been doing likewise, travelling on the magic carpet of current literature. Mr. Blumenfeld's glowing description of King George's Coronation, in which he mentions, among the foreign representatives, "a coal-black Ethiopian from Abyssinia, barbaric in splendour, with an explosion of great green feathers from his headpiece," affords a striking contrast to an account of Ras Tafari's Coronation, last year, as Emperor of Ethiopia, which bulks largely in "REMOTE PEOPLE." By Evelyn Waugh. Illustrated (Duckworth; 10s. 6d.). Mr. Waugh, who is the younger son of the author of "One Man's Road," tells how he was deflected from a proposed journey to China and Japan by a chance meeting with a man who knew Abyssinia and its astonishing history, and how his own way thither was smoothed by another chance encounter with a friend on a London daily, through whom he was appointed special correspondent to report the Coronation celebrations at Addis Ababa.

Mr. Waugh writes with the remorseless candour of the younger generation, and an alert eye for the ridiculous. I don't know what form his reports took in the Press at the time, but if they were anything like this book they must have caused gnashing of teeth in some quarters. It is all great fun, but not very complimentary to anyone concerned. Thus, he speaks of "the preposterous *Alice in Wonderland* fortnight" and "the peculiar flavour of galvanised and translated reality, where animals carry watches in their waistcoat pockets, royalty paces the croquet lawn beside the chief executioner, and litigation ends in a flutter of playing-cards. How to recapture, how retail, the crazy enchantment of these Ethiopian days?" On leaving Abyssinia the author visited other "remote people" in Aden, Zanzibar, Kenya, the Congo, Rhodesia, and Cape Town. His travel tales are distinctly entertaining.

A more sombre view of Abyssinia, in its outer marches, as contrasted with the civilising movement at the centre, is presented in a book very different from Mr. Waugh's in tone and subject, namely, "PARERON"; or Eddies in Equatoria. By Captain John Yardley, D.S.O. With Foreword by Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby. Illustrated with 27 Photographs and a Map (Dent; 10s. 6d.). The title—a Greek word meaning a "by-work" or subsidiary task—is doubtless intended to convey that, as the author says, "this is the story of one of the many side-shows connected with the world war," but it is the sort of title one would expect from an academic professor dilating on his hobbies rather than from a hard-bitten soldier describing a strenuous border campaign. It hardly does justice to the scope and quality of the book, which under a more provocative name would probably have had a better chance of attracting the attention it deserves.

The "side-show" which forms the main subject of Captain Yardley's reminiscences was a punitive expedition, in 1917-18, against slave-raiders from Southern Abyssinia, who committed depredations and atrocities on British territory. The actual story of the campaign, in which the author took a prominent part, is an admirable piece of adventurous narrative, and, in Lord Allenby's phrase, "thrilling to read." It does not, however, exhaust the interest and purpose of the book, which contains also some vigorous chapters on the survival of slavery, recently denounced, he recalls, in Lady Simon's book, and urging the moral responsibility of the British Government to protect native tribes on the fringes of the Empire. A chronological table of Abyssinian raids forms an appendix. I am left, at the end, a little doubtful whether any such outrages are still perpetrated. The preface and a chapter called "Afterthoughts" apparently relate to to-day, but the table ends some years ago. Captain Yardley acknowledges the benevolent motives of the Emperor of Ethiopia, who, he recalls, "has courageously proclaimed the liberation of some two million slaves," but the impression conveyed by the book is that the imperial writ hardly runs as it should on the outlying borders of his realm. The question seems to be—Can the Ethiopian change his moral skin at the bidding of an enlightened ruler? If so, he will knock spots off the leopard. C. E. B.



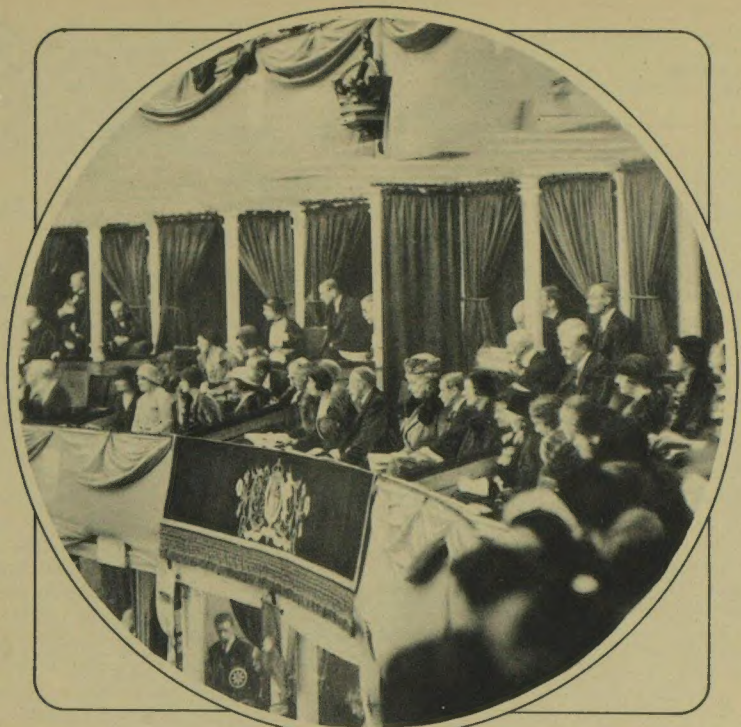
THE THIRTY-EIGHTH TREASURE TO BE ISOLATED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: STAINED GLASS FROM A "MEDALLION" WINDOW OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. This panel of stained glass is a combination of two panels (only one of which is complete) from a thirteenth-century window of the type made up of a number of small compartments, generally round, with pictorial subjects, and consequently known as "medallion windows." The paintings represent two scenes from the life of a youthful saint, who is represented as a deacon and may, perhaps, be identified as St. Lawrence. To the right is the scene of his ordination, the saint bowing towards the officiating bishop, who is delivering to him with veiled hands (all that remains of his figure) a book of the Gospels. To the left the saint is shown preaching. It is difficult to say whether the panel (which was purchased in 1924 with the help of the National Art Collections Fund and of the late Sir Otto Beit) is French or English—it belongs to a period in which the artistic formulas of the two countries were virtually the same—but in its splendour of colour, its rhythmic vitality of composition, and its strength of drawing, it is a worthy representative of Gothic art at the height of its power.—(By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright Reserved.)

that on the freedom of the Press, in temporary abeyance, and the working of the Censorship.

The second section includes some character-sketches which for brisk vitality would be hard to beat. I admire particularly those on Lord Kitchener, Mr. Baldwin, Sir Cyril Arthur Pearson, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. Winston Churchill. At a time when the last-named appears to be "ploughing a lonely furrow" in the political field, he may find it heartening to read this eulogy of his literary genius: "Nor do I hesitate," declares Mr. Blumenfeld, "in pronouncing Mr. Churchill to be gifted with the possession of a pen equal in every sense to Macaulay, to Napier, to Stevenson." And again, with reference to a past occasion when Mr. Churchill "went out into the political wilderness," the author goes on to say: "Meanwhile, he painted pictures, quite good for an amateur, and wrote books which will live after his speeches and his other activities are forgotten. Here is a writing man who should never again be permitted to set foot in Whitehall." Even the wilderness, with Mr. Churchill in it, is apt to develop a certain liveliness, as was shown in a recent speech on his present position in politics.



# NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES: EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE KING AND QUEEN ON ARMISTICE NIGHT: THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE ROYAL BOX AT THE ALBERT HALL, WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

On the night of November 11, the King and Queen, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of York, and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, attended the British Legion Festival of Empire and Remembrance at the Albert Hall. Before the Act of Remembrance, with which the proceedings closed, war songs were sung, and marching tunes, like "Tipperary," associated with the war.



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI REVIEWING TROOPS IN ROME: THE DUCE, WITH THE MINISTER OF WAR ON HIS RIGHT, RIDING PAST MECHANISED FORCES IN THE VIALE DEI PARIOLI.

November 11, the birthday of the King of Italy, was the occasion of a military review by Signor Mussolini, and other high Italian officials. Like other armies of the modern world, the Italian forces are becoming increasingly mechanised, and one of the main features of the review were the rows of tanks, some of them exceedingly small and mobile, which were drawn up along the sides of the street.



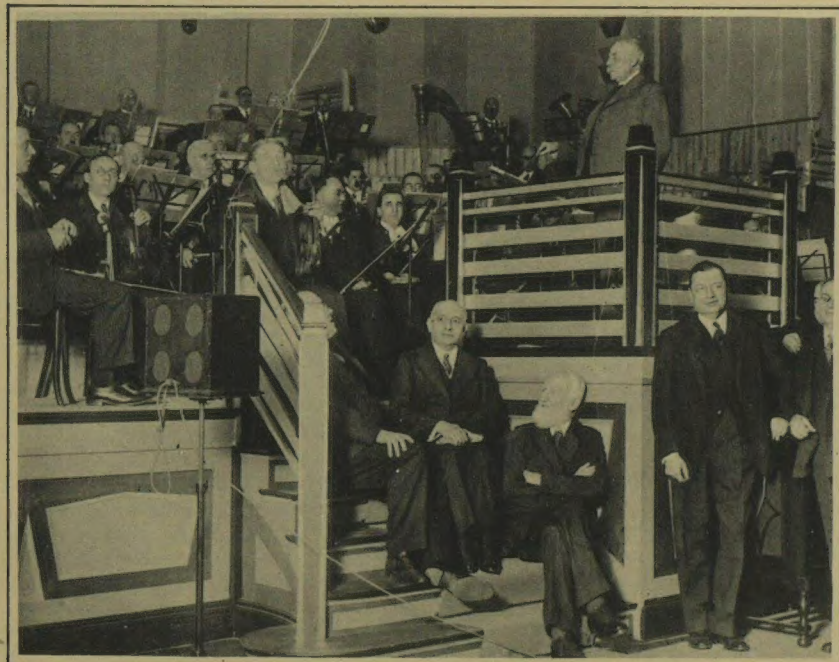
THE BETROTHAL CEREMONIES OF THE HEIR-APPARENT OF HYDERABAD, AND OF HIS BROTHER, TO THE DAUGHTER AND THE NIECE OF THE EX-CALIPH ABDUL MEJID: THE OFFICIAL PORTRAIT-GROUP; INCLUDING H.H. NAWABZADA AZAM JAH (LEFT, WREATHED), PRINCESS DURRU SHÉHVAR (AT THE EX-CALIPH'S RIGHT HAND), THE EX-CALIPH, PRINCESS NILUFAR, AND PRINCE MUAZZAM JAH (RIGHT, WREATHED.)

The betrothal was celebrated, in strict privacy, at the Palais Carabacel, in Nice, on November 12, of Nawabzada Jah Bahadur, heir-apparent to the Nizam of Hyderabad, and Princess Durru Shéhvar, daughter of the former Caliph Abdul Mejid II., and also that of Muazzam Jah, younger brother of the heir-apparent, to the Princess Nilufar, great-niece of the late Murad V. The



THE BETROTHAL OF THE NIZAM'S SONS AT NICE: (L. TO R.) THE HEIR-APPARENT (WREATHED), NAWABZADA JAH, PRINCESS DURRU SHÉHVAR, DAUGHTER OF THE EX-CALIPH, PRINCESS NILUFAR, AND MUAZZAM JAH.

betrothal ceremonies took place in the private apartments of the ex-Caliph, who officiated at the ceremony. Since his exile from Turkey, he has lived for several years at Nice. In accordance with Turkish custom, both Princesses will continue to live in their own home, and the Princes in a hotel.



DISTINGUISHED GUESTS AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW H.M.V. STUDIOS AT ST. JOHN'S WOOD: SIR EDWARD ELGAR, CONDUCTING; AND (BELOW, SEATED, L. TO R.) SIR WALFORD DAVIES, SIR LANDON RONALD, AND MR. BERNARD SHAW.

New recording studios (in St. John's Wood) belonging to the Gramophone Company, Ltd., were inaugurated, on November 12, by Sir Edward Elgar, who conducted the London Symphony Orchestra for recording purposes. The studios have cost over £100,000, and it is claimed that they are the largest and most scientifically equipped in the world.



THE PRINCE OF WALES OPENS AN EXTENSION TO THE CRIPPLES' HOME AT STOKE-ON-TRENT: H.R.H. INAUGURATING A MEMORIAL TO THE LATE VISCOUNTESS EDNAM, WHO WAS KILLED IN THE MEOPHAM AIR DISASTER.

The Prince of Wales visited Stoke-on-Trent on November 14 to open extensions to the Cripples' Hospital at Hartshill. These extensions were carried out at a cost of over £20,000, and form a memorial to the late Viscountess Ednam, President of the Hospital. The appeal for the extensions was inaugurated by her shortly before her death in the Meopham air disaster of last July.



# THE CONQUEST OF ASIA.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF  
**"ACROSS THE GOBI DESERT": By SVEN HEDIN.\***  
 (PUBLISHED BY ROUTLEDGE.)

"FORTY-TWO years had now gone by since I set out for Asia for the first time. And still the great continent held me captive." Dr. Sven Hedin is a willing captive. His life-work of exploration in Asia has been a monument alike of endurance and of scientific enthusiasm. In a sense, the expedition which is chronicled in this book is the crowning achievement of a remarkable career. Certainly it is the fulfilment of an ambition. "I still lay awake a long time, lost in thought. Was it really true that I was at the head of the biggest scientific expedition that had ever set out for the centre of the greatest continent of the earth?" Probably only two men in the world possess unchallengeable title to the conduct of such an enterprise—they are Dr. Sven Hedin and Sir Aurel Stein; and England will not grudge Sweden the honour of this undertaking, though it may perhaps feel some little regret that no Englishman was included among Dr. Hedin's very cosmopolitan staff of assistants.

The expedition was made possible by the co-operation of the Swedish and the Chinese National Governments, seconded by assistance from Germany. It included eighteen Europeans, ten Chinese and Mongol scientists, and thirty-four servants, Chinese or Mongol. The Chinese students were added by the Peking Government as a condition of giving sanction to the expedition, and they all appear to have been loyal, competent, and cheerful colleagues. Notable among them was Professor Hsü, a characteristic product of the Chinese spirit of scholarship.

the beasts of burden were "too fat and plump" flown with insolence and long pasturage, they attempted an organised revolt which wrought havoc and threatened to wreck the enterprise at its outset. Efforts which, to the uninitiated, seem almost superhuman, brought them back to reason; all except the "outlaws" were recovered from the desert, and the loads, which had been scattered broadcast, were gradually and painfully collected. But there were other times when the camels were "too thin" with winter and privation and rough going, and the weaker "did not go at all," but fell by the way. In adversity, their patience is a model to all the world, and they are well aware of the gruesome fate which constantly hangs over them—

Oh, the oont! oh, the oont! oh, the 'airy-scarey oont!  
 When 'is long legs give from under and his meltin' eyes is dim,

The tribes is out be'ind us and the tribes is out in front,  
 It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it's kites and crows for 'im!

He made his gallant contribution to science and adventure, and Bucephalus himself was not more deserving of poetic commemoration than Sven Hedin's own mount, "The Lady of the Camellias."

The route of the expedition lay due east-to-west across the Gobi. Its starting-point was Paotow, about 500 miles west of Peking, and its destination—or, rather, its final rallying-point—was Urumts, the capital of Sinkiang, which cannot be less than about two thousand kilometres from Paotow. The entire expedition

travelled together as far as Etsin-Gol, and then divided into different sections for divers scientific purposes. At Hami, on the frontier of Sinkiang, political difficulties were encountered, and for a time it looked as if the whole enterprise would be frustrated. This was not altogether surprising, for political conditions throughout China were still extremely disturbed, and Yang, the absolute overlord of Sinkiang, not unnaturally looked with suspicion upon such an apparently powerful invading force. Dr. Sven Hedin gives a highly inter-

esting picture of this benevolent despot. "The last great mandarin of the period of the Empire" was an aristocrat of equal enlightenment and force. Holding the office of Governor-General of his province for twenty years, he "promoted trade, improved the roads, introduced the motor-car, founded an electric power-station and an engineering works, and constantly busied himself with further schemes of improvement." Incidentally and necessarily, he ruthlessly suppressed numerous attempts to rebel against his policy. As soon as he became assured of the pacific and scientific nature of the Hedin expedition, all his opposition turned into courtesy and helpfulness. His violent and regretted death at the hands of a political enemy occurred soon after Sven Hedin had returned to Sweden.

The scientific labours of the expedition were thorough and diverse. Four meteorological stations were set up, the most important being at Etsin-Gol, where work is still being carried on. Numerous geological, cartographical, and topographical surveys were carried out. The archaeologists, Swedish and Chinese, made important and abundant discoveries, including no fewer than a hundred thousand Stone Age specimens and some ten thousand manuscripts on wooden slips, dating from periods between 86 and 31 B.C. A large number of palæontological specimens were obtained, and among the "side-lines" were biology, entomology, and anthropometry. Professor Hsü added materially to historical knowledge of the Gobi regions, and published a volume in Chinese describing the first year of the investigations. Few scientific expeditions—and certainly none in Asia—have been so comprehensively organised. Perhaps the most spectacular discovery—it is, at all events, the one to which Dr. Sven Hedin himself attaches

most importance—was the curious physiography of the "Wandering Lake," Lop-Nor. There has been some controversy as to the course of the River Tarim, and its relation to this lake, and twenty-five years ago Sven Hedin's observations led him to the conclusion that the river would eventually return to the bed which it occupied 1600 years ago. This it has now done, as Dr. Norin's survey (undertaken at Sven Hedin's direction) has definitely established. This fact is, the author claims, of more than academic interest. "A remarkable event in the province of physical geography and hydrography has put a means in the hands of the Government to open the old line of communication to traffic again. Just as in the days of the Han dynasty, now too will it be possible to construct a thorough-going high road which leads from China proper, by Tun-huang, Lou-lan, and Kucha, to Kashgar. But while the camel caravans in olden times required four months, one would now with motor-cars be able to cover the stretch between Peking in the east and Kashgar in the extreme west in two weeks."

Much more space than is here available could go to the narration of the hardships and perils which the expedition confronted and surmounted. In the winter, temperatures far below zero had to be endured, but all the "humans" survived them, although Dr. Hedin himself was several times ill, once so seriously that he had to be carried long distances on a litter—a feat which was accomplished only by heroic efforts on the part of his colleagues. Even worse, perhaps, than frost and snow are the merciless sandstorms



CAMP COOKING-HOLES OF THE MONGOLS NEAR HUTVERTU-GOL, IN INNER MONGOLIA: A METHOD EMPLOYED BY A PEOPLE WHOSE NAME HAS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH THE NOMADIC HABIT SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL.

Professor Hsü was for six years a student at the Sorbonne, and on returning to China first became a teacher of French and then a Professor of the History of European Philosophy. At first he strongly opposed Sven Hedin's projected expedition, but became an ardent supporter of it when it was settled that China should have a share in its scientific labours. He appears to have been a resourceful and valuable colleague not only as a scholar, but also as a man of affairs and as a diplomatist. Dr. Hedin pays him warm and evidently well-deserved tribute.

It may be imagined how polyglot was this happy band of pilgrims. The League of Nations might well envy its defiance of the Curse of Babel. Swedish, French, English, German, assorted dialects of Chinese and Mongolian, and even Turkish, were used as occasion required: and it frequently did require the utmost and promptest versatility.

An expedition on this scale does not move without impedimenta. The number of the whole brigade of camels varied from time to time according to the incidence of casualties (which were comparatively few), but was seldom below 230. No less than forty tons of equipment were carried on camel-back, and yet the skill of the native drivers could unload the whole of this cargo within half an hour. The camel figures so prominently in this volume, as in all chronicles of the desert, that he deserves a word to himself before the more scientific aspects of the expedition are described. He was both Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde to these wayfarers. The golden mean is as hard to find in the camel kingdom as in all others. "If they are too fat and plump they bolt; if they are too thin they don't go at all." At first,

\* "Across the Gobi Desert." By Sven Hedin. (Routledge; 25s. net.)



THE ADVENTUROUS SVEN HEDIN EXPEDITION IN CENTRAL ASIA: A CAMP COOKING-STOVE, AS USED BY THE CHINESE, SPECIALLY SELECTED TO ACCOMPANY THE EXPLORER.

Photographs reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, Ltd.

which suddenly and furiously assail all travellers in these waste places. Robbers also abound, but these the expedition escaped; the only act of brigandage came from one of the Mongol servants, who was swiftly and skilfully captured by his compatriots, and who, after a salutary period of suspense, was given a lenient sentence for the high crime of camel-theft. Good humour and good will prevailed for the most part: and even the desert has its diversions. It seems, at all events, to have provided a very merry Christmas, and in more inhabited parts the interchange of elaborate courtesies and hospitalities with local notabilities lent amenity (not without its tedium, however) to the nomad life. There were even, here and there, festivals and theatrical entertainments, though for these, we judge, an acquired taste is necessary. And for Sven Hedin himself there is, in all this desert pageant, charm unlike any other. "The full moon poured its silvery-white cold light over the desert. . . . Like shadows the first camels appeared. Powerful and majestic they strode along with their calm, dignified gait, and their loads were well and evenly distributed on their pack-saddles. All the caravan men went on foot. The feeling was enchanting. Innumerable times already had I seen this spectacle, but I could see it again and again. I could not tear myself away before the long procession was over. No, it was not over; far away in the east there sounded a new ringing of bells."

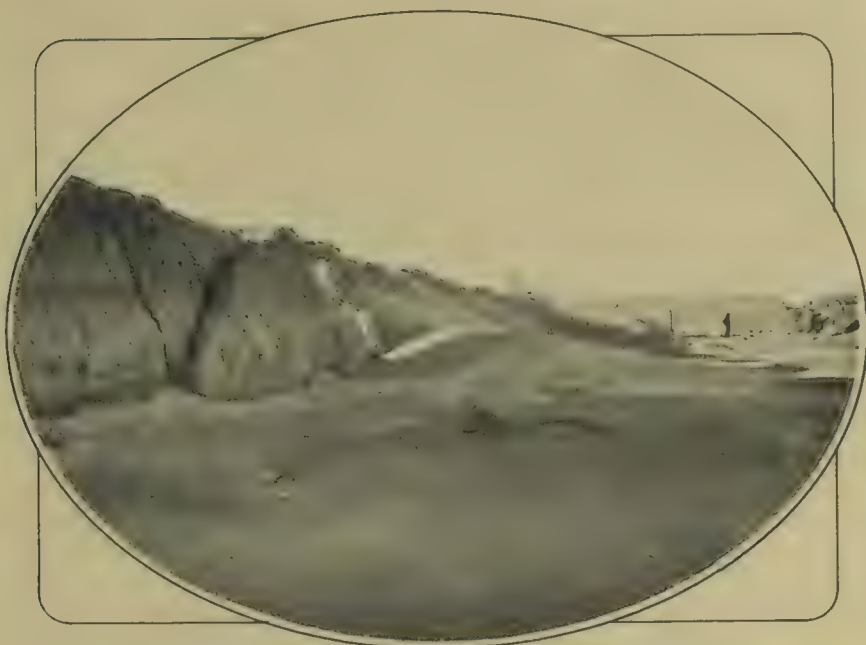
For this spectator the procession ends not, and the bells are never dumb. We end where we began—"Forty-two years had now gone by since I set out for Asia for the first time. And still the great continent held me captive." It holds the reader also captive.

C. K. A.



# SAND THE DESTROYER OF CITIES; AND TEMPLES IN THE LIVING ROCK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEBERENZ—SVEN HEDIN EXPEDITION. VERLAG "AKADEMIA."



THE RUINS OF KHARA KHOTO, WHICH IS "WITHOUT DOUBT THE ETZINA OF MARCO POLO"—PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE SVEN HEDIN EXPEDITION: A CITY OF INNER MONGOLIA, LONG AGO OVERWHELMED BY THE GOBI DESERT.



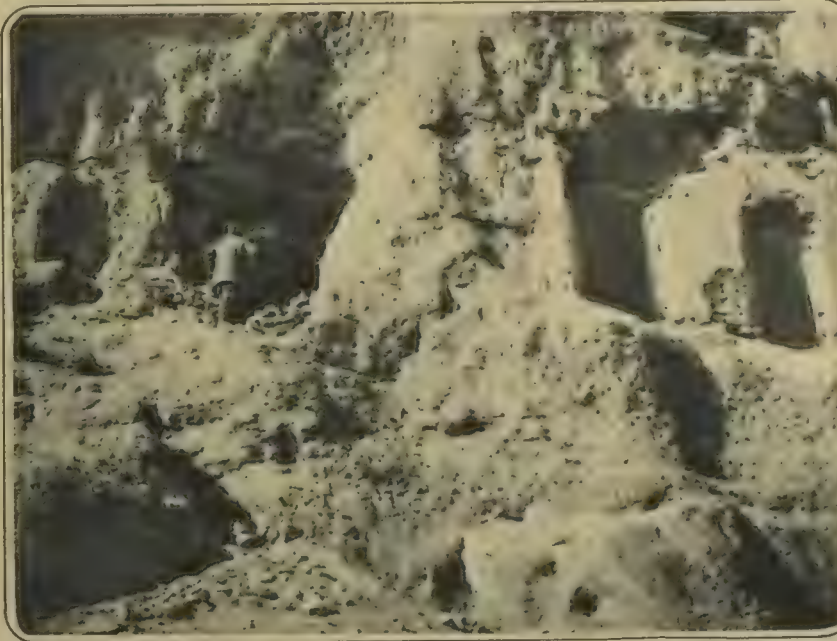
THE GOBI DESERT'S RELENTLESS ASSAULT ON THE BATTLEMENTS OF KHARA KHOTO, WHICH STILL STAND, SCARRED BUT UNDAUNTED: DRIFTS OF SAND MOUNTING THE CURTAIN WALLS; AND THE EFFECT OF WIND-EROSION ON THE GREAT BASTIONS.



SAND-SWEPT KHARA KHOTO—RUINED CITY OF INNER MONGOLIA—WHERE THE SVEN HEDIN EXPEDITION FOUND HEAPS OF MSS. ON PAPER IN SIX ANCIENT LANGUAGES: A PANORAMA OF THE SITE; SHOWING THE WALLS BREACHED AND OVERTOPPED BY THE INVADING DESERT; AND HOUSES AND MONUMENTS REDUCED BY WIND AND SANDSTORMS.



IN A COUNTRY WHICH HAS KNOWN NESTORIAN CHRISTIANITY, BUDDHISM, AND MOHAMMEDANISM: ROCK-CUT TEMPLES AT BESEKLIK, IN SINKIANG.



A CLOSER VIEW OF ONE OF THE REMARKABLE ROCK-CUT TEMPLES AT BESEKLIK: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE REMAINS OF AN ENTRANCE OF SOUND CONSTRUCTION.

Dr. Sven Hedin, the famous explorer, has devoted the last few years to planning and carrying out what he himself describes as the greatest expedition of his life. The first part of this undertaking is dealt with in the volume reviewed on the opposite page—"Across the Gobi Desert." The enterprise took the traveller from Paotow, on the Hwang Ho, to Urumtsi, which lies in the ultra-remote Chinese province of Sinkiang, between Tibet and Mongolia. The variety of the achievements cannot be more than hinted at here: to take a curious point, let it be noted that never before were pilot balloons sent up to a height of 69,500 feet in the very heart of Asia! East of Urumtsi the expedition found fossil dinosaurs in great numbers; while within the walls of the ruined city of Khara Khoto, illustrated on this page, were discovered heaps of MSS. on paper

in six different languages—Uigur, Chinese, Mongolian, Hsi-hsia, Iranian, and a tongue probably hitherto unknown. Of Khara Khoto (which lies in the Gobi Desert in Inner Mongolia) Dr. Sven Hedin writes: "The city wall has kept almost undamaged. Only on the east side and the west side has it gates. . . . On the outer as on the inner side of the city wall, sand-dunes had piled themselves up, reaching right up to the battlement. . . . This city is without doubt the Etzina of Marco Polo." Describing the remarkable cave-temples of Beseklik (which lies about seventy-five miles south-west of Urumtsi, in Sinkiang), Dr. Sven Hedin states that a great number of the cells showed the work of a previous German expedition; for example, some of the decorative paintings were covered with a sort of plaster intended to protect them.





FIG. 1. A LION-HEAD IN BLUE PASTE, AND A FIGURE OF A SACRED COW OR BULL IN BRONZE.

Professor Schaeffer here continues the fascinating story of his great discoveries at Ras Shamra, the site of an ancient seaport in Syria flourishing in the second millennium B.C., and in the adjacent royal necropolis at Minet-el-Beida. These discoveries are of special interest just now from the fact that the place in antiquity had a close connection, both in trade and in art, with the neighbouring island of Cyprus, recently a scene of insurrection. The previous stages of Professor Schaeffer's researches at Ras Shamra, as he mentions, have already been recorded in our pages. The following account of some of his latest finds, during the present year, is the first instalment of a longer article. The remainder, describing further discoveries of high importance, with equally interesting photographs, will appear in a subsequent issue.



FIG. 3. A RHYTON, OR DRINKING-VASE, IN THE FORM OF A FISH PAINTED RED: ONE OF THE SUPERB CRETAN EXAMPLES, REALISTIC IN DESIGN, FOUND IN THE ROYAL NECROPOLIS AT MINET-EL-BEIDA.

READERS of *The Illustrated London News* are well informed with regard to archaeological discoveries in the Near East, thanks to the remarkable record of the various works of excavation which this journal presents to them. Thus, they were able to read in No. 4724, the issue of Nov. 2, 1929, and in No. 4780, that of Nov. 29, 1930, articles written by me dealing with the results of the first two seasons on the now celebrated site of Ras Shamra, near Latakia, in Northern Syria, the historical importance of which was first recognised by M. René Dussaud, Member of the Institute and Conservator of the Oriental Section of the Louvre.

The third season of the expedition of the Academy of Inscriptions and the Louvre Museum, directed by the present writer, lasted from the month of April till July of this year; my faithful friend, M. Georges Chenet du Claux, once more collaborated with us. The expedition again resulted in discoveries of a very remarkable character, of which I propose here to give a rapid survey. We may note that 250 native workmen, soldiers, and prisoners assisted in effecting the considerable removal of earth required in order to bring these antiquities completely to light.

#### IN THE ROYAL NECROPOLIS.

It will be remembered that in 1929 and 1930, on the border of the bay of Minet-el-Beida, the "white port," where, in ancient times, ships bringing copper from the neighbouring island of Cyprus used to put in, we discovered remarkably rich royal tombs of the type known in Crete, having a short dromos (approach passage) with a staircase and an arched underground chamber with corbelled vaulting. These tombs were surrounded by deposits of votive offerings, with figurines of divinities made of precious metals, and even by actual houses in which the dead princes were deemed to reside after their death. This year we explored the area situated immediately north of our preceding excavations. All the archaeological strata of the soil, from 60 centimetres to 4 metres in depth, were literally packed with votive deposits, which this time proved to be particularly rich. In most cases they consisted of intact vases of local manufacture or fine specimens of imported

## A NEW CHAPTER IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

FURTHER IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES AT RAS SHAMRA AND MINET-EL-BEIDA: SYRIAN ART TREASURES OF THE 13TH AND 14TH CENTURIES B.C., INCLUDING THE COMPLETE TOILET SERVICE OF A PRINCESS.

By Professor F. A. C. SCHAEFFER, Chief of the French Archaeological Mission to Ras Shamra; Curator of the Prehistoric Museum at Strasbourg. (See Illustrations on pages 807 to 810. Copyright of Photographs strictly reserved.)

painted pottery dating from the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries B.C. (Figs. 8, 9, and 12, pages 808-809), superb Cretan rhytons, with naturalistic octopuses painted brown, or with a bull's head modelled in a round boss on the handle, surmounted by a dove. There were also elegant Rhodian cups, curious "surprise" funnels, and classical Mycenaean painted urns. Numerous also were the deposits of arms and tools, including daggers (Fig. 10), lances, knives, hoes of the Sumerian type, scythes, Syrian or Egyptian hatchets, large fire-shovels like those brought to light by the British expedition at Enkomi in Cyprus, saws, and chisels, all of bronze, because iron at that time was only used for jewellery, being a precious metal owing to its rarity.

Among the most splendid finds there were heavy Mycenaean silver rings, with a large cartouche engraved with a sphinx or winged genii, and numerous cylinder-seals of hematite engraved with varied and highly artistic scenes (Fig. 4). The seals take their style from Egypt, Mesopotamia, Cyprus, Crete, or Anatolia, or represent a blend of these influences, thus creating a very curious composite local style. A part of these deposits was concealed in small chambers enclosed with

a layer of concrete; others lay all around small sanctuaries, in which the altar was still standing. This cemetery was therefore at the same time the shrine of some religious cult, where ceremonies and sacrifices were performed in honour of the dead, and no doubt also of the divinities invoked to protect them.

In the northern part of the cemetery there were found such structures as an altar loaded with offerings, or forming a libation table with channels, waterpipes, and ritual wells, while small chambers, generally without an entrance, were particularly numerous. One of these chambers contained 80 large jars arranged in close lines, as in a wine-cellar; our photograph shows them *in situ*, just as we found them and before we had disturbed their original arrangement (Figs. 5 and 6). As will be seen, the majority of the jars were still

intact; they are now empty, but they must formerly have contained wine or oil.

THE JEWELLERY AND TOILET ARTICLES OF A PRINCESS OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.

The richest deposit which we discovered consisted of an entire series of subterranean chambers and a

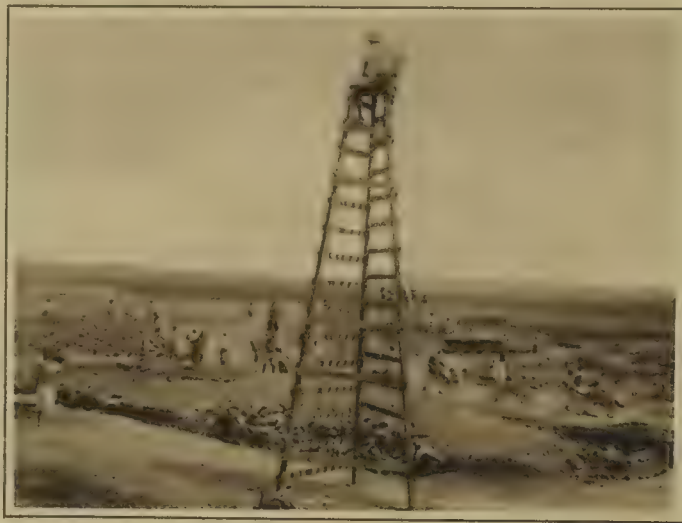


FIG. 2. THE TALL OBSERVATION TOWER AT THE EXCAVATIONS: A MODE OF SUPERVISING THE WORK OF 250 NATIVE LABOURERS, SOLDIERS, AND PRISONERS.

curious enclosure (Fig. 17) of fine hewn stone, flanked by large stone vats in the form of a funnel, not pierced through, or of holy-water vessels (Fig. 17). A thousand vases had been deposited in front of and inside this enclosure; we took out 200 still absolutely intact and the same number only slightly damaged (Figs. 15 and 16 on page 810). They included elegant little bottles of painted terra-cotta with very thin necks, no doubt intended to contain perfumes; cups with a high stem, and a few Cretan urns ornamented with graceful spirals. With these vases there were found mingled the bones of more than one hundred sacrificed sheep.

The most precious objects were found right at the bottom of the deposit, where, thanks to their deep interment, they had escaped the treasure-hunters, who had tried their luck pretty well everywhere in this cemetery, which was no doubt celebrated for its wealth. A large jar, crushed in ancient times owing to the pressure of the earth above it, was filled with twenty elegant bottles and alabaster vases of

Egyptian importation (Fig. 19), all of different forms, and with seven toilet paint vases of ivory, in circular form, with movable engraved lid, or in the form of a duck with head turned back (Fig. 18), the carved wings of which pivoted around a knob forming a lid. These objects were remarkable for artistic delicacy and fine workmanship. The whole collection no doubt constitutes the toilet outfit of an elegant lady of the thirteenth century B.C., a priestess or princess, whose tomb we hope to find later on. We were pleased also to discover here a quantity of jewellery, consisting of several necklaces with a great wealth of Egyptian multi-coloured pearls, amethysts, cornelian, or quartz, and several repoussé gold pendants, showing a nude goddess (Fig. 20), doubtless Astarte, goddess of love and beauty. On some of these jewels she is only shown in her simplest conventionalised form; on others the artist has represented her standing on a lion, holding wild goats by her hands, and surrounded by serpents which seem to spring from her hips, and also astral signs. The composite style of these delicate works of ancient goldsmith's art points to a Syrian artist of the fourteenth or thirteenth century B.C. (N.B. As noted above, the remainder of Professor Schaeffer's article will be given at a later date.)



FIG. 4. IMPRESSIONS FROM THREE OF THE VERY FINE CYLINDER-SEALS IN HEMATITE FOUND AT MINET-EL-BEIDA AND RAS SHAMRA: SOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, SUGGESTING, AMONG THEM, INFLUENCES DERIVED FROM THE ART OF EGYPT, CYPRUS, CRETE, ANATOLIA, AND MESOPOTAMIA.



# A ROYAL WINE-CELLAR BURIED WITH ITS OWNER FOR 3000 YEARS?

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR F. A. C. SCHAEFFER. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 806.)



FIG. 5. EIGHTY LARGE JARS ARRANGED IN REGULAR ROWS, AS IN A WINE-CELLAR, STILL *IN SITU* AS THEY WERE DISCOVERED, WITHIN A SMALL CLOSED CHAMBER IN THE ROYAL NECROPOLIS FOUND AT MINET-EL-BEIDA, ON THE SYRIAN COAST OPPOSITE CYPRUS: THE VESSELS AS THEY APPEARED, FOR THE MOST PART INTACT, WHEN HALF-DISENGAGED FROM THE SOIL IN WHICH THEY HAD LAIN BURIED FOR OVER THIRTY CENTURIES.

IN his article on page 806 of this number, describing the rich finds he has made during the third season's work on the site of the royal tombs at Minet-el-Beida, Professor Schaeffer mentions a particularly interesting discovery which is illustrated in these two photographs. In the northern part of the cemetery, he explains, there were found a number of small chambers which for the most part had no entrance. One of them, when opened, was found to contain no fewer than eighty large jars, all laid down in ordered rows (ten of eight jars each) forming a regular rectangle, as shown in the upper illustration. In this photograph they are

[Continued on right.



FIG. 6. SHOWING THE COMPLETE SHAPE AND SIZE OF THE JARS, WHICH MUST HAVE ORIGINALLY HELD WINE OR OIL: PART OF THE SAME DEPOSIT (AS IN FIG. 5) ENTIRELY UNCOVERED; WITH Mlle. ODILE SCHAEFFER, DAUGHTER OF THE ARCHÆOLOGIST DIRECTING THE EXCAVATIONS, SITTING BESIDE THEM.

[Continued.] seen *in situ* just as they appeared when brought to light, and while they were still half-covered with the soil in which they had lain buried for over 3000 years. "As will be seen," writes Professor Schaeffer, "the majority of the jars were still intact; they are now empty, but they must formerly have contained wine or oil." Possibly, therefore, we have here the contents of a royal wine-cellar buried with its owner. The lower photograph, showing some of these jars completely uncovered, but still *in situ*, reveals both their shape and their dimensions, indicated by the figure of the Professor's daughter who is seated beside them.



## RELICS OF AN UNKNOWN SYRIAN IN THE SECOND MILLENNIUM B.C.



FIG. 7.  
TWO FINE  
EXAMPLES OF  
POTTERY, IN  
MYCENAEAN  
STYLE, FOUND  
IN THE ROYAL  
NECROPOLIS  
AT MINET-  
EL-BEIDA, ON  
THE SYRIAN  
COAST OPPO-  
SITE CYPRUS:  
(ON RIGHT)  
A LARGE  
RHYTON FOR  
LIBATIONS.



FIG. 8. REMARKABLE POTTERY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C. FROM MINET-EL-BEIDA: TWO RHYTONS IN CRETAN MYCENAEAN STYLE—THAT ON THE RIGHT SHOWING AN OCTOPUS DESIGN.



FIG. 11. PART OF THE TOILET SERVICE OF A SYRIAN PRINCESS OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C. (OTHER EXAMPLES OF WHICH ARE ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 806): INTACT VASES OF VARIOUS FORMS FROM THE ROYAL NECROPOLIS AT MINET-EL-BEIDA.

THE wonderful results of the third season of excavations conducted by Professor Schaeffer at Ras Shamra and Minet-el-Beida, on the Syrian coast, at a point near the island of Cyprus, are set forth in his article on another page of this number, and are further illustrated on pages 807-810. We may recall that, when he made known the original finding of the site and described the first season's diggings (in our issue of November 2, 1929), Professor Schaeffer wrote: "Up till then, no such discovery had been made on the Syrian coast. M. René Dussaud (the well-known French archaeologist, Conservator of the Oriental Section in the Louvre) did not doubt that Minet-el-Beida was an ancient port, and a Cypro-Cretan colony, which traded in merchandise from Cyprus, Crete, and Egypt, destined for the powerful centres of civilisation in Mesopotamia. Minet-el-Beida, in fact, situated just opposite the extreme end of Cyprus, is the starting-point of many roads leading to the interior. Copper especially, coming from the Cyprus mines, which was used for making arms instead of iron (at that time a precious metal), must have played an important part in this trade." The first excavations, and those of the next season (described and illustrated in our

(Continued in box opposite.)



FIG. 12. EXQUISITE POTTERY OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C. FOUND AT MINET-EL-BEIDA: A PAINTED VASE, IN MYCENAEAN STYLE, PIERCED AT THE BASE FOR USE AS A RHYTON.

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## DYNASTY ASSOCIATED WITH CYPRUS RHYTONS; DAGGERS; CULT FIGURINES.



FIG. 9. SHOWING A NATURALISTIC OCTOPUS DESIGN (ON THE LEFT-HAND VASE): TWO RHYTONS, IN CRETAN STYLE, OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C., DISCOVERED AT MINET-EL-BEIDA.



FIG. 13. A PECULIAR GOURD-SHAPED VESSEL, PROVIDED WITH A FOOT WHICH FACILITATED DECANTING ITS CONTENTS: ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE SPECIMENS OF ANCIENT POTTERY FOUND AT MINET-EL-BEIDA.

SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 806.

FIG. 10.  
BRONZE AGE  
WEAPONS  
FROM  
NORTHERN  
SYRIA,  
PROBABLY  
MADE WITH  
COPPER  
FROM CYPRUS:  
BRONZE  
DAGGERS  
FROM MINET-  
EL-BEIDA  
AND RAS  
SHAMRA,  
FOURTEENTH-  
THIRTEENTH  
CENTURIES B.C.  
(JUST UNDER  
ONE THIRD  
OF THE  
ACTUAL  
SIZE).

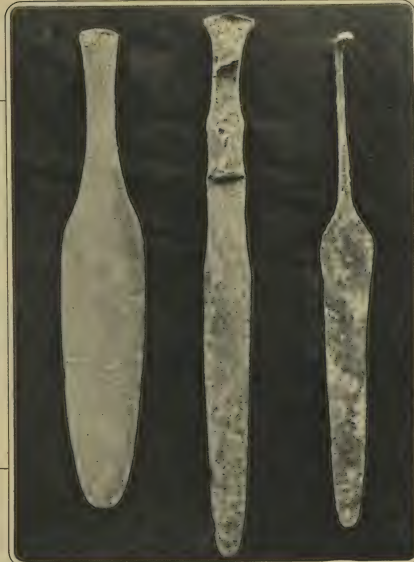


FIG. 14. CURIOUS FIGURINES DISCOVERED AT MINET-EL-BEIDA: A GROTESQUE HEAD (ON THE LEFT) IN TERRA-COTTA; AND TWO IMAGES, OF MYCENAEAN TYPE, WHICH REPRESENT THE FEMINE FORM IN A CONVENTIONALISED STYLE.

(Continued.)

issue of November 29, 1930) brought to light a royal necropolis, and, on the adjacent site at Ras Shamra, remains of a great temple, with a library and a school of scribes, which yielded a great deal of new evidence of high value on Semitic philology, and in particular on the development of writing, in the form of tablets in a previously unknown alphabetic script, and an epic poem throwing fresh light on the history of Eastern religions. "The tombs of Minet-el-Beida" (writes Professor Schaeffer) "undoubtedly contained the bodies of a princely dynasty, as yet unknown, of northern Syria." In his account of last year's work on the site, he said: "Enriched by the copper trade with Cyprus, and the export of Asiatic products to the Aegean Islands and the Greek mainland, Ras Shamra in the second Millennium B.C. had attained a position of exceptional importance."



# THE COMPLETE TOILET OUTFIT OF A SYRIAN PRINCESS OF THE 13TH CENTURY B.C.: VASES, IVORIES, AND GOLD.



FIG. 15. ITEMS IN THE COMPLETE TOILET SERVICE OF "AN ELEGANT LADY OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.": SOME OF THE 200 INTACT VASES (AMONG A TOTAL OF 1000) FOUND IN THE FUNERARY DEPOSIT OF A PRINCESS AT MINET-EL-BEIDA.



FIG. 16. USED BY A PRINCESS OVER 3000 YEARS AGO: GRACEFUL PERFUME VASES OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C. FOUND AT MINET-EL-BEIDA, IN A ROYAL NECROPOLIS.



FIG. 17. WHERE THE PRINCESS'S TOILET SERVICE AND JEWELS WERE DISCOVERED: THE STONE-BUILT ENCLOSURE, FLANKED BY FUNNEL-SHAPED STONE VATS AND A SIDE CHAMBER, IN THE MINET-EL-BEIDA EXCAVATIONS.



FIG. 18. IVORIES OF THE FOURTEENTH-THIRTEENTH CENTURIES B.C.: TOILET-PAINT VASES, INCLUDING TWO IN THE FORM OF DUCKS; WITH A GLASS MASK OF A NEGRO FROM EGYPT, FOUND AT MINET-EL-BEIDA AMONG THE TREASURES OF A PRINCESS.



FIG. 19. ALABASTER VASES IMPORTED FROM EGYPT TO SYRIA IN ANCIENT TIMES: PART OF THE CONTENTS OF A JAR IN THE FUNERARY DEPOSIT OF A PRINCESS.

In the royal necropolis at Minet-el-Beida (as described by Professor Schaeffer on page 806), the richest deposit was found in a stone enclosure, flanked at the corners by large funnel-shaped stone receptacles. Here were unearthed no fewer than 1000 vases, of which 200 were recovered quite intact and an equal number only slightly damaged. One large jar contained 20 bottles and graceful alabaster vases evidently imported from Egypt, besides seven ivory boxes for toilet-paint,



FIG. 20. THE GODDESS OF LOVE ON GOLD PENDANTS OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.: REALISTIC AND CONVENTIONALISED FIGURES OF ASTARTE.

some circular, with a movable engraved lid, and others in the form of ducks with reverted heads and the lid formed of the wings pivoting on a knob. "The whole collection," writes Professor Schaeffer, "no doubt constitutes the toilet outfit of an elegant lady of the thirteenth century B.C., a priestess or a princess." The jewellery included "several repoussé gold pendants, showing a nude goddess, doubtless Astarte, goddess of love and beauty."



## THE ABYSSINIAN HEIR APPARENT—IN FULL MILITARY UNIFORM.



RECENTLY EXPECTED TO VISIT EGYPT : THE YOUNG CROWN PRINCE ASFAOU WOSAN, HEIR TO THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA.

This photograph of the young Crown Prince of Abyssinia is of special interest, at the moment, in view of a recent report that he was expected to leave Jibuti (a port in French Somaliland) on November 15, for a visit to Egypt, where it was understood he would stay for some weeks. His father, formerly known as Ras Tafari, was proclaimed Emperor of Ethiopia on April 3, 1930. The "Statesman's Year Book" records that the Emperor, in 1912, married Waizeru Menen, and has two sons and three daughters, and that the elder son, Asfaou Wosan, was proclaimed Crown Prince and heir to the throne on January 25, 1931. Here we see the Prince, in military uniform, with the Lion of Judah on his cap, accompanied by the Minister of War, on his way

to the royal tent to watch a march-past of troops at the annual Feast of Mascale (or Feast of the Holy Cross), held in Abyssinia every September. On November 3, the Emperor celebrated the first anniversary of his Coronation by a public reception, after which he presented badges to members of both Houses of Parliament established under the new Constitution. A few weeks previously it was reported that, by the Emperor's orders, a sale was held at his capital, Addis Ababa, to dispose of a quantity of furniture and household linen supplied by an English firm to fit out various houses for the use of foreign visitors at the Coronation, but no longer required. The report added that the prices asked at the sale had not attracted many local buyers.

(See Index—This in fact)

MAXIMILIAN





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE BONITO AND THE MACKEREL.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

IN May last, it may be remembered, I gave on this page a brief history of that remarkable fish, the common tunny (*Thynnus thynnus*), describing a specimen which had been taken on rod and line off Scarborough. Chance has recently thrown in my way a near relation of that giant, the ocean bonito (*Katsuwonus pelamis*), which, in regard to its general shape, may be called a tunny in miniature. But

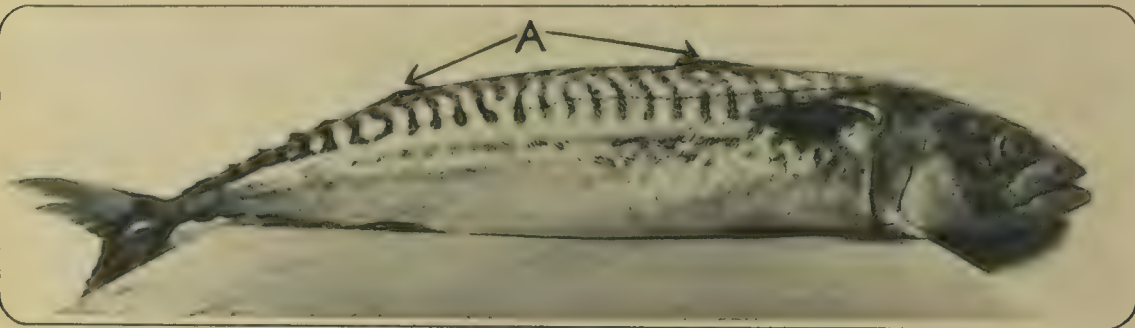
with, as in its larger relatives, the tunny and bonito, the first dorsal, the ventral, and breast fins can be sunk to the general surface level, the dorsal fin disappearing into a groove in the back as the blade of a pocket-knife closes down into the handle; the other fins fitting into depressions. But the second dorsal and the anal fins are not rigidly fixed; whereby we may gather that it swims with less impetuosity.

is evidently an important one, since the gill-arches bear specially developed, slender, horny rays to form a sieve for the capture of these small creatures, comparable to the fringes of the "whale-bone" of the baleen whales. But this diet of "shrimps" is only obtainable during the warmer months of the year; for the rest, they must seek larger prey. We do not, as yet, seem to know much of the daily round of life in the case of the tunnies. But the mackerel we know, thanks to the patient investigations of the staff of the Marine Biological Station of Plymouth, spend the daylight hours in the deeper layers of the sea, rising to the surface at dusk to feed. This nocturnal habit is an enforced one, due to the fact that the creatures on which they feed rise to the surface at night.

In the matter of the distribution of the mackerel round our coasts it does not seem clear whether the deciding factor is the temperature of the water or the relative abundance of food. But they are abundant in the North of Scotland, where they get the benefit of the relatively warm water of the Gulf Stream, and in the North Sea. They are found, however, in still greater numbers in the Channel, and northward as far as Norfolk; also in the Irish Sea and the south-west coasts of Ireland. The eggs of the mackerel, it may be remarked, are buoyant, and float at the surface of the sea. Each female lays from 430,000 to 540,000 eggs between May and the latter part of July, the spawning taking place at from 14 to 50 miles from the coast. Ripe males are taken on hooks, but the females in nets.

As touching the coloration of these fish, a great deal more might be said than I can find space for here. It presents a theme, indeed, well worthy of study. What significance is to be attached to the coloration of the mackerel of our seas? It is certainly of great beauty. The main outline of its pattern is well shown in the adjoining photograph. The beautiful effects of the black bars and the silvery sides attract the attention of all who see a display of mackerel in the fishmongers' shops. But the full splendour of the coloration as a whole can only be seen by those who have had the good fortune, as I have, to catch them on a line. When just drawn up into the boat, they glisten with the most superb "mother-of-pearl" iridescence, impossible to describe and extremely fleeting, for as soon as death ensues the glory vanishes like a sunset. The bonito displays hues of a more garish kind, yet it must be called a handsome fish, the general dark-blue colour being set off by oblique stripes. The general effect can be seen in Fig. 3.

But the tunny differs again, since here we have no markings of any kind, only even washes of blue and silver, with touches of red. Finally, what are the factors which determine the surprisingly different qualities of the flesh of these fish when regarded as food? The tunny, the bonito, and the mackerel are all, in their essential structural features, far more alike than in the qualities of their flesh, which in each case may be described as "delicious." But we are faced with the same problem when we consider beef, mutton, and venison. We cannot attribute their differences to mere differences of food, which is of a far more uniform character than is the case with these fishes.



1. THE MACKEREL (*SCOMBER SCOMBRUS*), A FISH WITH A STRIKING FAMILY RESEMBLANCE TO THE BONITO SEEN IN FIG. 3: THE TWO DORSAL FIN (A) SEEN JUST EMERGING FROM THE GROOVES INTO WHICH THEY ARE SUNK WHEN THE FISH IS SWIMMING HARD.

while the tunny seems to be a regular visitant to our waters, bonitos are but rarely taken. By the way, there are several species of tunny, and several species of bonito and of mackerel. I describe here the typical species of each of these three.

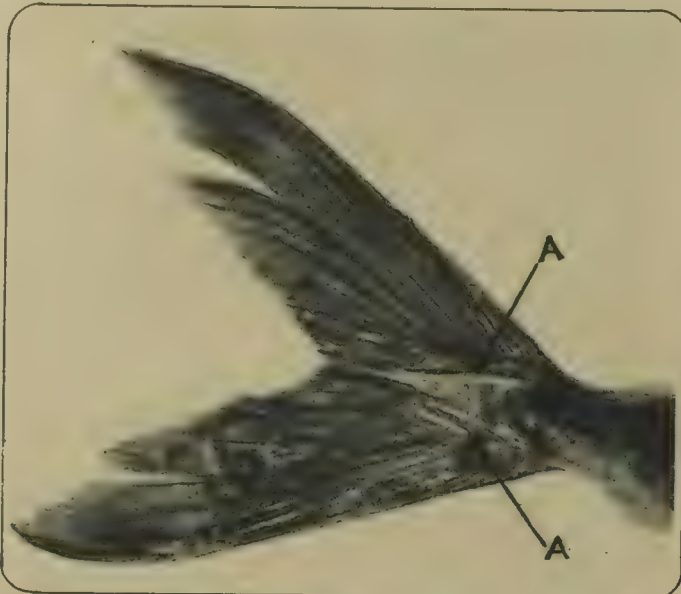
In writing of the tunny I focussed attention on the marvellous adjustments to speed which were shown in no uncertain fashion not only in the form of the spindle-shaped body as a whole, but in the fact that the first dorsal fin, the breast fins, and the ventral fins could all be drawn back into depressions, so that when going full speed ahead there was nothing to impede that impetuous progress. It presented, in short, a splendid illustration of "streamlining."

Convincing evidence of the soundness of this interpretation is to be seen in the fact that the second dorsal fin and the anal fin on the belly of the fish, immediately under the dorsal fin, have become specially modified to form rigid, triangular vertical vanes, so as to prevent any chance of the body turning round on its long axis, as a consequence of a sudden spurt, at the time of a slight lateral "roll" of the body. Furthermore, I pointed out, the rush of the water along the body, cleft by the pointed head, converged at the root of the tail, and meeting here had brought about the development of a conspicuously large, sub-circular, horizontal flange; and the water passing over this, above and below, had, so to speak, scored a pair of deep grooves at the base of the tail fin itself, divided by a median ridge. The bonito, in all essentials, agrees with the tunny. But it presents some interesting points of difference: and these can be accounted for.

To begin with, it will be noticed that while the thickest part of the body in the tunny—and its near relations—is in the region of the pectoral, or breast fin, in the bonito, or at any rate in the "ocean bonito," it lies far behind this—to wit, in the region of the second dorsal fin. As a consequence, the lateral tail-flange and the two grooves behind it are much less conspicuously developed. The breast fin is also relatively much shorter. The part played by this fin has yet to be discovered, for it displays some curious differences when all the recognised species of the tunnies come to be compared; since in the common and short-finned tunnies it is not conspicuous, but in the long-finned tunny it extends backwards to the level of the hinder border of the second dorsal, and is gently curved so as to be almost sickle-shaped. I have never been able to examine this fish in the flesh, so that I cannot say whether this striking difference is correlated with any other external structural feature. But it would seem to imply that this fish has more need of this fin than have the other species.

Let us pass now to the mackerel, keeping for the moment to the common mackerel. Here we have the same tunny-like form, but more slender. The points of difference in regard to the fins, as compared with those of the tunny, are interesting. To begin

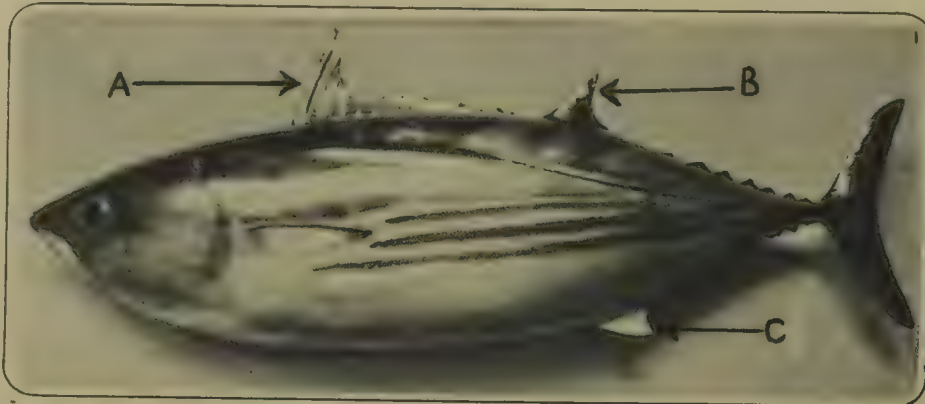
Indeed, we know this to be so. Nevertheless, we find at the root of the tail a pair of lateral ridges, shown in Fig. 2, though these are relatively but feebly developed. We may infer, surely, that herein we have



2. THE TAIL OF THE MACKEREL: THE LATERAL RIDGES (A)—A "STREAMLINING" EFFECT PRODUCED BY THE FLOW OF WATER OVER THE FISH AS IT SWIMS, BUT MUCH LESS PRONOUNCED IN THE TAIL OF THE MACKEREL THAN IN THOSE OF THE FASTER-SWIMMING BONITO AND TUNNY.

the "raw material" which furnished the basis for the much more sharply-defined ridges in the tunny. But there is no lateral flange in front of these ridges. So that here again we have evidence that the speed through the water is much less than that displayed either in the case of the tunny or the bonito.

This matter of speed is, of course, intimately associated with the needs attending the capture of food. The mackerel travels in great "schools," and feeds, according to the season, either on minute crustacea or other fish, notably herring and sprats. The crustacean element of the diet



3. THE OCEAN BONITO (*KATSUWONUS PELAMYS*)—A FISH RELATED TO THE MACKEREL AND TUNNY: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING SOME CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES, INCLUDING THE MOVABLE FIRST DORSAL FIN (A), THE FIXED SECOND DORSAL FIN (B), AND THE FIXED ANAL FIN (C).

The ocean bonito resembles the tunny in its essential features, but it is a less active fish. It preys largely on the flying fish, and is in turn pursued by the sword-fish, which is, indeed, its principal enemy.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**PROFESSOR W. A. S. HEWINS.**

Famous economist. Born, 1865; died, Nov. 16. Director of London School of Economics, 1895-1903. Under-Secretary of State for Colonies, 1917-19. Unionist M.P. for Hereford, 1912-18. Secretary of the Tariff Commission, 1903-17.



**THE LATE LORD DALMENY: LORD ROSEBERY'S HEIR, WHO DIED AT OXFORD, WHERE HE WAS AN UNDERGRADUATE.**

Lord Dalmeny, the son of the present Earl of Rosebery and grandson of the famous statesman, died of blood-poisoning on November 11. He was the only son of Lord Rosebery's first marriage. The new Earl is the son of Lord Rosebery by his second marriage.



**THE NEW LORD DALMENY: THE COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY WITH HER SON, NEIL ARCHIBALD PRIMROSE, WHO WAS BORN IN 1929.**



**SIR KINGSLEY WOOD.**

Appointed Postmaster-General in the National Government. M.P. (Con.) for Woolwich since 1918. Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Minister of Health, 1919-22. Member of L.C.C. for Woolwich, 1911-19. Chairman of Faculty of Insurance, 1916-19.



**HERR KREISLER AND HIS TERRIER, "REX," THE PET WHO DIED LAST WEEK.**

"Rex," the wire-haired fox-terrier who was a pet of Herr Fritz Kreisler, was buried on Nov. 14; with the great violinist and his wife as chief mourners. Interrupting a tour, Kreisler flew from Detroit to New York, but arrived after "Rex's" death. Scores of telegrams of sympathy were received.



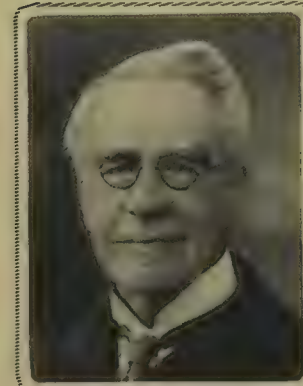
**MARSHAL LYAUTEY'S VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY: THE "CREATOR OF MODERN MOROCCO" AT VICTORIA.**

Marshal Lyautey (in light overcoat) arrived in England on November 16—the day before his seventy-seventh birthday—on a short visit, as the guest of the United Association of France and Great Britain. He was welcomed at Victoria by the French Ambassador; while Lord Trevelyan represented Lord Derby, the president of the Association, and General Deedes the War Office.



**ADMIRAL KELLY, COMMANDER OF THE CHINA SQUADRON, IN JAPAN.**

On the occasion of the visit of H.M.S. "Suffolk," flag-ship of the China Squadron, to Japan, Admiral Sir W. A. H. Kelly was entertained by the Japanese Naval Staff. He is seen above with the Naval Minister of Japan. Subsequently, Admiral Kelly was wrecked in the mine-sweeper "Petersfield."



**SIR MARTIN CONWAY.**

Created Barons in the Dissolution Honours List, in which Mr. Snowden figured as having been created a Viscount. Sir Martin Conway was M.P. for the Combined Universities, 1918-1931. He is a famous traveller and mountaineer and an authority on art. Sir Robert Newman was M.P. for Exeter from 1910-31. In the last Parliament he was Chairman of the Food and Health Committee. He is 61.



**SIR ROBERT NEWMAN.**



**MR. L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, R.A. MR. F. L. M. GRIGGS, R.A.**

These well-known artists were elected Royal Academicians on November 10. Mr. Campbell Taylor is represented in the Tate Gallery and is chiefly famous for his interiors with figures. Mr. Griggs is an etcher of architectural subjects, and has shown special devotion to themes taken from the Middle Ages. He was trained as an architect and his first pictorial task was to illustrate topographical works, including several volumes of the "Byways" series.



**MR. AUGUSTINE COURTAULD.**

The remaining members of the Watkins Expedition, including Mr. Courtauld, arrived in Copenhagen on Nov. 13. Readers will remember the rescue of Mr. Courtauld from his "prison" on the Greenland ice-cap, which was illustrated by us in June.



**THE REV. DR. H. A. JAMES.**

President of St. John's College, Oxford. Died on November 15; aged 87. Headmaster of Rossall, 1875. Dean of St. Asaph, 1886. Principal of Cheltenham, 1889. Headmaster of Rugby, 1895. President of St. John's College, 1909.



**A LEADING PIONEER OF KENYA COLONY: THE LATE LORD DELAMERE.**

Lord Delamere, who died on November 13, at the age of 61, was a leading pioneer in British East Africa, and to him Kenya Colony largely owes its present development. He first settled in Kenya in 1901, and promoted maize and wheat growing, dairying, sheep-farming, and stock-marketing there.



**GENERAL SIR W. E. PEYTON.**

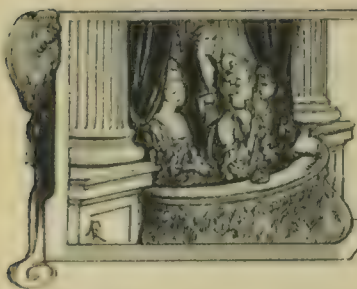
Died November 14; aged 65. As a youth, enlisted in his father's regiment, the 7th Dragoon Guards. During the war, served in Egypt and Gallipoli and was appointed Military Secretary at Haig's H.Q., 1918. Commanded X. Army Corps, 1918.



**MISS WISH WYNNE.**

Died November 11; aged 49. Popular wireless entertainer, and formerly a well-known actress, who specialised in Cockney characterisation. Was the Janet Canning in Arnold Bennett's play "The Great Adventure." Originally a vaudeville artist.





# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

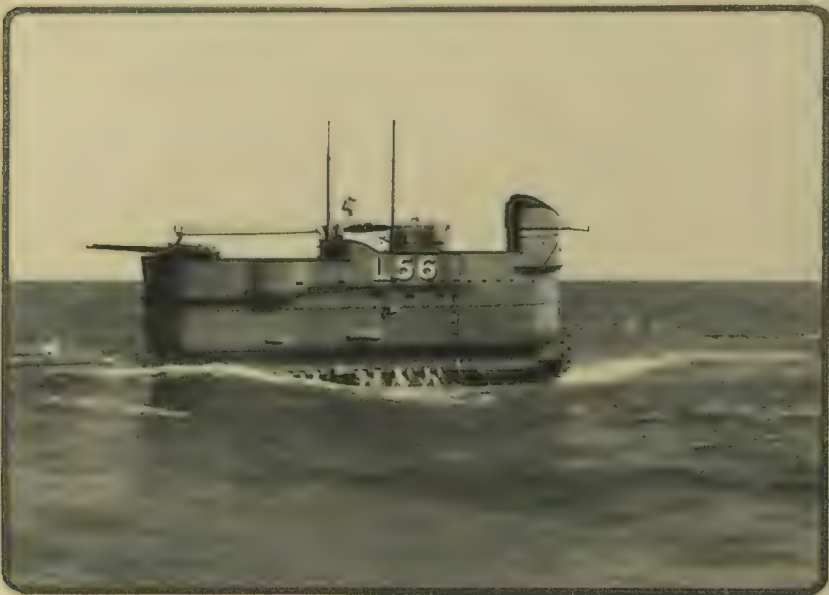


## MR. WALTER SUMMERS AND "MEN LIKE THESE."

THE steady advance of British pictures has had the inevitable result of rousing enthusiasm to a somewhat dangerous pitch. The natural response to progress is praise, for praise encourages, sounds a clarion-call to further effort, meets the artist half-way. But praise, to be constructive, must be discriminating, and in the joy of encountering work so much better than the hitherto accepted level, one is apt to hail it as the best. Thus one may find oneself in the position of the examiner who, having pitched his scale of marks too high at the outset, is hard put to it to find the necessary margin when the superlatively good confronts him at the end of his examination. Some such feeling came over me as I witnessed, at the Regal, Mr. Walter Summers's production of "Men Like These," now transferred to the London Pavilion. I hope it may hold the screen there until all lovers of kinematic art have had an opportunity of seeing this momentous achievement of a British studio. I can only express the hope, not the certainty, since the reaction of the film-going public to any given picture is even more arbitrary than that of the patrons of the theatre. Moreover, the mass does not care to have its feelings harrowed, its complacency disturbed, and cannot find a solace for ruffled equanimity in the enjoyment of a directorial masterpiece. For once I have no hesitation

wounded animal. Through the horrible gash in its flank the precious air escapes in ascending bubbles, whilst within the vessel cataracts of water sweep the men off their feet, spreading chaos where but a second earlier mechanical precision reigned. Some of the crew are able to obey the order "Abandon ship!"; seven men are trapped in a watertight compartment. One of them assumes command. Their long, nerve-racking vigil whilst the compartment is flooded in order to equalise the pressure within and without, their final escape, each man equipped with the Davis apparatus, is reconstructed with an overwhelming realism and an accuracy of detail ensured by the co-operation of the Admiralty. As a technical achievement the picture staggers the lay mind, and its superb photography finds a haunting beauty even in disaster.

oily calm, sinister in its indifference, served, ever and anon, to emphasise the awful vigil of that handful of trapped men waiting, with occasional song, brave, humble jesting, and brief prayer, for the word "Go!"—the word one ached for and yet dreaded. It is in these and innumerable other touches such as these that Mr. Summers finds expression for a drama that epitomises the eloquence of motion; belongs, completely and indisputably, to the



"MEN LIKE THESE," AT THE LONDON PAVILION: THE BRITISH SUBMARINE IN THE FILM WHICH SHOWS THE SINKING OF A SUBMARINE AND THE HEROISM OF MEN IMPRISONED IN THE DEPTHS.

Admiralty officials and a hundred submarine ratings from Gosport witnessed the first performance of this submarine film. The Admiralty supervised the technical details and lent six submarines for the filming of exterior scenes; while sections of submarines were sent intact to Elstree for interiors. The principal players are John Batten and Sydney Seaward.

in using that much-abused word, "masterpiece," yet I would not deny that to gaze on this picture unmoved is an impossibility; to see it is a shattering experience. It is no meat for those who walk warily in the sheltered paths of life and refuse to be reminded of the daily dangers confronted by less favoured travellers. To such, tragedy must wear a cloak of romance and peril; to be palatable, it must be a pill well coated with fictional sugar. I have no patience with them, nor, able to be true to himself at last, has Mr. Summers.

Years ago, just before the advent of the talking-film, Mr. Summers made a very fine picture entitled "The Lost Patrol." It was the story of a small company skirmishing in the desert, and deprived, through the early death of their leader, of all knowledge of their destination or their purpose. Held together by the dominating spirit of a sergeant, these men awaited, day after day in a small oasis, the ultimate end. This silent picture was marked by the same impressive simplicity, the same rare ability of creating an atmosphere, not only in pictorial terms, but by the art of preparation and contrast, that distinguishes "Men Like These." It has taken some time for Mr. Summers to come across another subject that would stretch his directorial powers to the full. His intervening work has been mainly on fictional melodramas, amiable, light-hearted, attaining the necessary pitch of excitement and thereby fulfilling their purpose. It needs reality shorn of its trimmings to put Mr. Summers on his mettle, and it seems to me a pity, at this or any stage of our screen history, that he should ever be required to fall below the measure of his best endeavour. Given the right subjects, Mr. Summers has a power and a vision that place him in the front rank of the world's producers.

"Men Like These" contains no story. It tells the plain, unvarnished truth about the common perils of the "hidden fleet," and constitutes a timely tribute to the steadfast, unquestioning courage of our seamen. A submarine engaged in peace-time manoeuvres is rammed, by a cargo-boat. It settles down on the ocean bed like some



AFTER THE SUBMARINE HAS BEEN RAMMED BY THE CARGO-BOAT: A THRILLING SCENE FROM THE BRITISH MASTERPIECE, "MEN LIKE THESE," WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

The rush and eddy of suddenly expelled air, the stream of bubbles rising steadily, enchantingly, and yet with what grim purport, from the stricken hulk, the stark, ramrod bodies catapulted to the serene surface of the sea, prove that the range and artistry of our camera-men are ready to answer the demands of imaginative direction. Yet neither in its technical skill and audacity, nor in the evident stamp of truth on the whole picture with its echo of actuality, nor even in its high pictorial quality, lies the reason of its poignancy. Rather may we seek it in the capacity possessed by Mr. Summers to draw us right into the heart and centre of the drama. I confess that I lost sight of the individual actor—which, incidentally, is the greatest compliment I can pay to the whole company—in the breathless apprehension of catastrophe. The cargo-boat advancing so innocently across the quiet waters boded no ill until swiftly it became a towering hulk, anon a menacing, formidable keel. The wide expanse of ocean,

province of the kinema, and creates a new standard for the work of our British studios.

## FILM LIBRARIES.

Recognition of the importance of the film-library, not only to the makers and students of pictorial drama, but also in the world of research, has resulted in collections which, in some centres at least, have attained to royal dimensions. An interesting article in the *Daily Film Renter* states that the largest film-library in Hollywood includes over a quarter of a million subjects—a solid basis, indeed, for the encyclopædia of the future. The news-reels and screen-plays of the last twenty years contain a mine of information as to manners, modes, customs, and events, and it takes no particular flight of imagination to foresee that in some fifty years such libraries will not only rival the printed page as a source of information, but will be accessible to and eagerly sought by all kinds and conditions of men. An addition of more recent date to these pictorial collections is the library of sound. Its value to the film-director can be easily conjectured. I well remember, during a recent visit to a studio, passing and repassing a mysterious room where the sole business of the afternoon seemed to be the sleuthing of the peculiar gritty sound created by the keel of a small boat dragged across shingle. Imagine the relief of a producer who merely has to take down a volume from the library shelf, extract the required strip of celluloid and put it on the recording-machine! The "index of noises" quoted in the article already referred to makes most amusing reading, ranging as it

does from "cat sneezing" to "seventeen kinds of human screams." The development of "sound-libraries" conjures up both comic and serious possibilities. The private collector might make use of the sound-recording machine to settle many a domestic quarrel based on the classic argument "You said" versus "I said"! On the weightier side of the medal is the inestimable benefit to academies of music and drama and to medical research work, which has, I believe, already recorded lung and heart sounds.

The student of the future should hold a golden key to wisdom, since what is seen and heard is apt to impress itself more vividly on the plastic mind than cold print. But here the "film-lending library" steps in—a very different matter from the library of recorded picture and sound. To any reader interested in the latter subject I recommend the perusal of "The Empire Marketing Board's Film Library" catalogue. Its pages read like a pamphlet from the Travel Bureau of the Magic Carpet, Unlimited.



AWAITING RELEASE BY THE DAVIS ESCAPE APPARATUS: THE LONG AND GHASTLY VIGIL OF MEN TRAPPED IN A WATERTIGHT COMPARTMENT OF A SUBMARINE FATHOMS BELOW THE SURFACE.—[By Courtesy of British International Pictures, Ltd.]





THE LOSS OF A BRITISH MINE-SWEEPER: H.M.S. "PETERSFIELD," WHICH RAN ASHORE OFF THE CHINESE COAST, WITH ADMIRAL SIR W. A. H. KELLY ON BOARD.

On November 11, the British mine-sweeper, H.M.S. "Petersfield," on a passage from Shanghai to Foochow, ran on the rocks of Tung Yung Island, about sixty miles north-east of Foochow, and became a total loss. No lives were lost, for all aboard were taken off by the German liner "Derfflinger." The "Petersfield," of 710 tons displacement, was built in 1919, and was attached to the China Squadron for special service with the Commander-in-Chief.

PRINCESS MARY'S  
NEW HOME:  
32, GREEN  
STREET, THE  
MAYFAIR HOUSE  
WHICH HER  
ROYAL HIGHNESS  
AND THE EARL  
OF HAREWOOD  
WILL OCCUPY  
SOON AFTER  
CHRISTMAS.

It is stated that shortly after Christmas Princess Mary Countess of Harewood and the Earl of Harewood will leave Chesterfield House, the London mansion which Lord Harewood recently decided to sell, and take up residence in 32, Green Street, Mayfair, the house which the Queen bought last March. This was built by the late Lord Ribblesdale, and used to belong to Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, the aeroplane designer. It occupies a corner site near Park Lane, close to the home of the Duke and Duchess of York in Piccadilly.



## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE HOLDER OF THE WORLD'S LAND-SPEED RECORD IN THE OLD CROCKS RUN:  
SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL DRIVING A 1903 ROLLS-ROYCE.

Out of fifty-one motor-cars, all built in 1904 or earlier, which took part in the run from London to Brighton on November 15, only seven failed to finish. The run is an annual event, organised by the Royal Automobile Club to commemorate the coming into force of the Highway Act, 1896, which absolved motorists from the necessity of being preceded by a man carrying a red flag. Certificates were awarded to all cars finishing within seven hours.



THE PRINCE OF WALES INAUGURATING THE "BUY BRITISH" CAMPAIGN:  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IN THE BIRMINGHAM STUDIO OF THE B.B.C.

On the evening of November 16 the Prince of Wales inaugurated the Empire Marketing Board's campaign in a speech broadcast to all stations. He said: "If 'Buying British' is to be made a reality there must be good honest team-work all along the line." In spite of slight indisposition earlier in the day, his Royal Highness was determined to address the nation—the first time he had done so from a provincial broadcasting-station.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT "TALKIED" AT SIDMOUTH: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS APPEALING TO THE PUBLIC TO WINTER IN ENGLAND.

A talking film of the Duke of Connaught has been made at Sidmouth by the Gaumont Sound News. His Royal Highness appealed to the public to spend their holidays and their money in England—in fact, to follow the example which he is so patriotically setting. It has been the Duke's custom hitherto to spend the winter in the South of France, at his villa at Cap Ferat. He left London for Sidmouth on October 29.



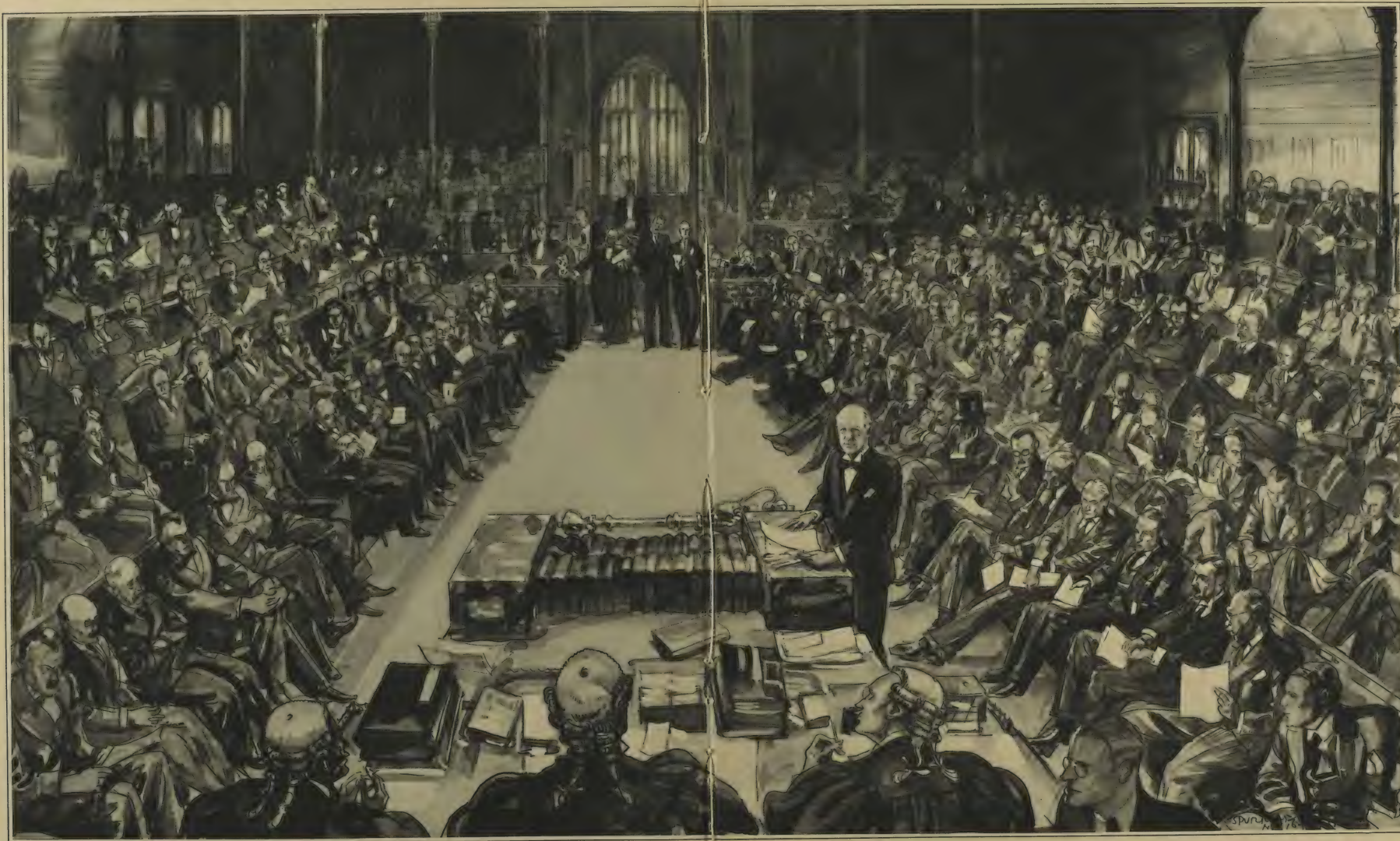
HONOUR TO THE HEROES OF A GREAT DISASTER: THE UNVEILING OF THE RYE LIFEBOAT MEMORIAL.

The memorial to the seventeen Rye lifeboatmen who perished in a storm three years ago was unveiled on November 15 in Rye Harbour Churchyard by Lord Blanesburgh. The monument, by Mr. James Wedgwood, represents a lifeboatman in one of the life-belts which were in use at the time of the disaster, but are now obsolete.



# THE "DUMPING" QUESTION—AN IMMEDIATE EMERGENCY: "GOODS HAVE BEEN COMING HERE IN ABNORMAL QUANTITIES."

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I., OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE.



MR. RUNCIMAN ANNOUNCING THE PROPOSED POWERS TO ENABLE THE BOARD OF TRADE TO CHECK CERTAIN IMPORTS NOW ENTERING THIS COUNTRY: THE SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

Speaking in the House of Commons on Monday, November 16, Mr. Walter Runciman, voicing the Government's intention, announced that it was proposed to confer upon the Board of Trade emergency powers to enable them to deal at once with abnormal imports entering this country. In the course of his statement, he said: "Now I come to the immediate emergency. There has been during the last few weeks anticipation abroad, as far as we can gather, that the imposition of Customs duties might be part of the policy of the present Government at an early date, and the result has been that clever folk abroad, and, I have no doubt, some clever men here, have been doing what everybody else has been doing—trying to get their goods into the country before they became subject to duty. In our opinion, they have been doing that to an excessive extent. . . . I would not attempt to draw a general conclusion on only ten days if it were not for the fact that the tendency has gone on during October with increasing rapidity up to now. I might easily have attempted, from past experience,

to enter into a discussion of what is called dumping. Dumping means at least four or five different things. I would not waste the time of the House by the declaring what is, or what is not, dumping. All I will say is that these goods have been coming here in abnormal quantities, and if the Chancellor of the Exchequer were about to impose taxation there would be no surer way of defeating his end and depriving us of revenue than by allowing these things to come in continuously during the next few weeks or months without let or hindrance." He went on to say that the Cabinet had asked the Board of Trade to enquire into the matter, to draw up schemes, and to work those schemes when they came into force; and he then added that the conclusion had been reached that the best way to deal with the abnormal importations, and deal with them at once, was to give the Board of Trade emergency powers to issue an Order which would impose upon certain articles a duty not exceeding 100 per cent. of the value of the articles. The text of the Bill was published on the 17th.



## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



"CRUSOES" WITH FLAGS THAT LED TO RESCUE:  
CAPT. PALLISER (RT.) AND COMPANION CASTAWAYS.

The three Americans seen in the left-hand photograph above, Captain Elmer Palliser, Mr. Paul Stachwick, and Mr. Gordon Brawner, were cast ashore from the yawl "Westwind," wrecked on April 15 on Cocos Island, in the Pacific Ocean. On October 26, Lloyd's agent at Panama received news from the yacht "Camargo" that their camp had been found, with a note stating that they had gone inland in search of food. According to information supplied with our photographs, just received, the castaways were eventually taken off by the U.S.S. "Sacramento" (on whose deck they are here seen) and were conveyed to Balboa. On the island they lived like Robinson Crusoe, subsisting on coconuts, fruits, and wild hog. Their home was a rough shack of corrugated iron, and on the roof flew flags of distress.



WHERE THE THREE CASTAWAYS LIVED FOR SIX MONTHS IN  
"ROBINSON CRUSOE" FASHION: THEIR SHACK ON COCOS ISLAND.



SCULPTURE IN BRICKWORK: MR. ERIC KENNINGTON  
AT WORK IN A NEW MEDIUM AT STRATFORD.

Mr. Eric Kennington, the well-known sculptor, in association with Miss Elizabeth Scott, the architect of the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, has initiated a new form of his art for the decoration of that building—that is, reliefs carved on the façade in brickwork. He is seen on a 60 ft. scaffolding chiselling a figure of "Comedy."



THE LARGEST BRIDGE OVER THE DANUBE, RECENTLY COMPLETED AT BELGRADE:  
A SHORT CUT FOR THE SIMPLON-ORIENT EXPRESS.

An important advance in travel facilities to Hungary and Roumania has been accomplished by the recent completion of this great railway bridge at Belgrade, the largest yet built across the Danube, connecting Serbia with the Banat. The journey to Budapest and Bucharest, by the Simplon-Orient express, is thus shortened by several hours. The bridge is 1600 yards long. It was constructed by a German firm on account of Reparations.—[Photograph by Courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph".]



A GREAT TEST OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: THE COUNCIL MEETING IN PARIS  
TO DISCUSS THE DISPUTE BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN.

On November 16 the Council of the League of Nations met in Paris in the hope of settling the grave dispute between China and Japan. Round the end of the table, in the left background, are visible, from left to right, Señor Lerroux (Spain) at the corner; Herr von Bulow (Germany); Signor Scialoja (Italy); M. Briand (France) presiding; Sir John Simon (British Empire), and M. Yoshizawa (Japan) at corner. Behind M. Briand is Lord Cecil.



GALE HAVOC ON THE SOUTH COAST: A TYPICAL DAMAGED BUNGALOW AT SHOREHAM  
WITH WINDOWS BLOWN-IN AND ROOMS COVERED INCHES DEEP WITH SHINGLE.

Fierce gales again swept the English Channel on November 10-11 and, in conjunction with high tides, spread havoc at many places along the South coast. At Bungalow Town, Shoreham-by-Sea, a thunderstorm was followed by a seventy-miles-an-hour gale, and about 100 bungalows were damaged. The sea rolled up banks of shingle, and in some of the bungalows floors were



HUGE SEAS BREAKING AGAINST A HOUSE AT WINCHELSEA: A REMARKABLE NIGHT  
PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE STORM ON THE SOUTH COAST.

covered with shingle to a depth of about six inches, while scores of windows were blown in. Many people removed their furniture into the road. At Winchelsea, likewise, hundreds of bungalow-dwellers had a similar ordeal, and the Ship Inn, which suffered severely in a former gale, was further damaged. The last remnants of a new breakwater were washed away.



# 'A RECORD IRISH "SWEEP": WELL-DRILLED GIRLS MIX COUNTERFOILS.



**MILITARY DISCIPLINE FOR TEAMS OF IRISH GIRLS MIXING COUNTERFOILS FOR THE MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP DRAW :**  
 (1) SHIFTING COUNTERFOILS FROM BOXES ON A MINIATURE RAILWAY TO A MIXING-MACHINE SUBJECTING THEM TO AN ARTIFICIAL GALE ;  
 (2) TROUSERED GIRLS WITH TIGHT SHORT SLEEVES PARADED READY TO REMOVE COUNTERFOILS FROM THE MIXING-MACHINE.

Immense interest was aroused by the draw for the Irish Hospitals Sweepstake on the Manchester November Handicap, for which was subscribed a record total given officially as £2,941,852. On November 16 the counterfoils (some ten million), contained in fifty-six steel deed-boxes, were conveyed under armed guard from the sweepstake headquarters, in Dublin, to the Plaza ball-room, where the mixing and the draw took place. Our photographs illustrate the mixing process, performed by teams of Irish girls, in uniforms of orange and green, drilled on military lines. In electrically-driven mixing-machines counterfoils were subjected to an artificial 100 m.p.h. "gale." Around each machine ran a double-track miniature railway, on which boxes of counterfoils ran on trucks. Boxes with

even numbers were placed on the Orange track ; those with odd numbers on the Green track. The mixing team wore trousers fastened at the ankles and short tight sleeves, so that no counterfoils became entangled in their clothing. The track girls wore skirts. As the boxes were pushed round the rails, the mixers loaded containers with counterfoils from boxes, and handed the containers to the machine-loaders, who fed them into the mixing-machine. After being whirled about in it, the counterfoils then passed into a trough underneath. At ten-minute intervals there was a halt, and the counterfoils were transferred to other boxes. A second mixing followed, and the counterfoils were then conveyed to the revolving drum from which the winning counterfoils were drawn.



## WHAT IS LACKING IN THE WORLD?

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

*The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

We continue here our series of occasional articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

A FEW weeks ago, one of the best-known papers in Europe published a conversation with the burgomaster of one of the biggest towns in Germany; an important, wealthy person, belonging to those parties and those social groups who call themselves and believe themselves to be conservatives. Here I will give you the gist of what the conservative burgomaster said to the journalist!

"For almost the whole of the war, I was in charge of the distribution of the available provisions among the population of that town. It was a very painful task, because the available quantity of provisions which I could distribute was insufficient even when consumption had been reduced as far as was judged possible. It is difficult to give what one does not possess. But my task is much more painful to-day! In that town of which I speak there are shops overflowing with coal, corn, coffee, sugar, etc., which there are no means of selling. There are thousands of empty rooms which wait in vain for tenants. At the same time, there are hundreds and thousands of starving men and women, without a roof over their heads, who in a few months may freeze to death. And I can do nothing for them! A society which loses itself in such terrible contradictions is doomed. I do not yet know what we can put in its place. For the past few months, I have been fervently looking for it. But of one thing I am certain, and that is that nothing can save the world in which we live from the ruin which is lying in wait for it."

That sombre prophecy had caught my eye by accident. I chanced to be in a café in Geneva, and the newspaper to which the prophet had confided his views happened to be on the table. I had hardly finished reading it, and had only just put it back on the table, anxiety in my mind, when three young people came in and sat at the table next to mine. I learnt from their conversation that they were electrical workers; but they were so well dressed, they spoke with such elegant precision and clearness, that one might have deemed them students or "black-coat" employees. They began to talk of certain economic incidents which have much troubled Geneva during the last few months; then they started discussing the general world conditions—the coffee that was being thrown into the sea in Brazil; the corn which is being burnt as fuel in the locomotives in Canada; and the growing misery throughout the universe.

"We are living in a mad world," the boldest of them suddenly exclaimed. "We must create a revolution." But the idea of a revolution troubled these workmen of Geneva more than it seems to have troubled the great German burgomaster who was interviewed by the journalist. The two others objected that a revolution was a very serious matter; that once a revolution is started you never know when it will finish. They invoked the past a little; but all three agreed at last that the absurdities in which we are living cannot last; that the world needs, if not a revolution, a reform.

The newspaper sheet which lay before me on the table, the great German burgomaster who had confided his thoughts to it, the three Geneva workmen, were all agreed. This unexpected unity made me think—Was it not the sign of a rather apocalyptic spirit which tends to become general? "This state of things cannot last." "A change is inevitable." Ten years ago one only heard these propositions in revolutionary areas. Now they are repeated almost everywhere, even in those *milieus* which are, or imagine themselves to be, conservative. Where does that spirit come from? What means that waiting for a change which a growing number of people consider inevitable? No one knows in what it will consist? Has the world's condition changed so suddenly, or are our eyes suddenly opened? Are those ills of which we complain new, or have they existed for a long time, despite our optimism, which is determined not to see them?

The nineteenth century has a well-established reputation for turbulent revolutionism. Son of the Revolution, it is considered to have been the most subversive century ever known. It is possible, however, that that reputation

is somewhat exaggerated. In the hundred years between 1815 and 1914, from the Congress of Vienna till the World War, there was only one convulsion in Europe (that in 1848) which was really serious, owing to its extent and intensity; and there were only two wars which, by their effects and duration, can be considered as great wars—the Franco-German War of 1870 and the Russo-Turkish War of 1878. All the other wars were very little wars, if you take into account the number of combatants engaged and the number of those who lost their lives; and nearly all were very short. In all the wars of Italian independence, between 1848 and the taking of Rome in 1870, 7000 men were killed!

The two other important continents of the Globe—America and Asia—were even more peaceful. The United States were only devastated by a single serious storm, which lasted for four years: the War of Secession (1861-1865). South America experienced an eventful period after the fall of the Spanish domination. There were revolutions, dictatorships, and civil wars almost everywhere! But practically, it was only a question of local disturbances, which were sometimes violent but were all limited; and between 1860 and 1870 they ended in a general stabilisation. That stabilisation continued until last year.

The peaceful time was rather shorter in Asia. It lasted until 1908; until the revolution of the Young Turks. But, until 1908, for nearly a century Asia was only troubled by two great revolutions and by only one great war—the Indian Mutiny; the revolution of the Tai-Pings in China; the Russo-Japanese War from 1904 to 1905. Many other wars broke out in Asia during that century, but they were all little wars. With the exception of Turkey, and, after 1890, of Japan, there were no military powers in Asia strong enough to make great wars.

Never has the world lived, relatively, so quietly and enjoyed such order and peace as it did between 1815 and 1914. It is one of the marvels of history and is explained by different reasons—the growing riches and power of Europe; the sudden rise of America; the prodigious development in intellectual culture, industry, agriculture, and commerce, of ways and means of communication; the alliance hidden under the appearance of struggle between the old régime and the ideas of the Revolution, between the principles of discipline in the old qualitative civilisations and the political, intellectual, and social liberty of modern times. Never had the world seen such a rain of benefits fall upon it: riches increased at the same time as knowledge, power developed itself with the softening of manners, liberty co-existing with order.

That marvellous order stabilised itself solidly from 1860, making the generations who were born in the second half of the nineteenth century believe that it represented the definite and permanent state of social order, at least among the *élite* of humanity. When, in July 1908, the news came from Constantinople that a revolt in the Palace, organised by the Young Turks, had obliged the Sultan to grant a Constitution, nobody was disturbed. Everyone joked at the idea of a Parliament of wearers of fezzes which was about to be opened on the banks of the Bosphorus, and at the Westernisation of the harems which would follow the Parliamentaryisation of the Sultanate. Who would have imagined that the downfall of the world had begun at Constantinople and that the incomparable happiness of the world was about to end?

But this is what had happened. The spark which was lit at Constantinople under the pressure of Hamidian absolutism lit a universal fire in all directions; north, south, east, and west. The rapidity with which the fire spread was alarming. In six years it passed through the Tripolitan war, to the Balkan wars, and seventeen years after, from the World War to our present position. Nearly all the Monarchies are overthrown; nearly all the Empires are destroyed; half the world is in a state of anarchy; the whole world is menaced by general bankruptcy. But how was it possible that a system which there was every

*(Continued on page 830.)*



A FINE ROMAN MOSAIC FLOOR UNCOVERED ON THE SITE OF VERULAMIUM: A REMARKABLY INTERESTING PIECE OF WORK WHICH HAS THE HEAD OF A GOD AS ITS CHIEF FEATURE.



THE HEAD OF A GOD—PROBABLY CELTIC OR GALIC IN CONCEPTION—WHICH FORMS THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE MOSAIC FLOOR UNCOVERED AT VERULAMIUM.

The excavations on the site of Verulamium (St. Albans) are now being covered for the winter; but a splendid find has just been made in the form of the mosaic floor here illustrated. This is in a 13-ft by 14-ft. room which may have been the entrance lobby to a large house whose remains have been revealed, a residence with several mosaic floors. The god's head which is its main feature is carried out in pottery or stone tesserae of ten different colours. The find is due to the energy of Dr. R. E. Mortimer Wheeler, the Keeper of the London Museum, and his assistants. In the first photograph Mrs. Mortimer Wheeler is seen during the uncovering of the floor.



## OF THE GREATEST RARITY: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF WILD SAING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. H. PEACOCK. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



THE WARY WILD OX OF BURMA: A HERD OF SAING IN THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS; INCLUDING (LEFT) A BULL CALF, A YOUNG BULL, AND A FULLY MATURE BULL.

Describing the remarkable photograph here reproduced, Mr. E. H. Peacock, writing to us from Burma, notes: "I enclose a photograph of a herd of Saing (*Bibos Banteng Birmanicus*), the wild ox of Burma. This animal ranks with the Burmese and Indian Bison (*Bibos Gaurus*) as one of the finest species of dangerous large game in the East. Saing are extremely wary animals, and the old bulls are not only most difficult to approach and shoot, but can be very dangerous when wounded. I believe this is the very first clear photograph of the Burmese Saing

in its wild state on record. Much interest is added to this plate from the fact that the three central figures (to left) are those of bulls in various stages of development—a male calf, a young bull, and a fully mature bull, the last of which carries a trophy which would be a prize for any big-game hunter. The others are cows; and the group illustrates the differences between all sizes and both sexes of these animals. The old bull would be a good deal bigger than the largest domesticated English ox. The photograph was taken in Northern Burma."



## THE ETIQUETTE OF A CUP OF TEA: THE TEA CEREMONY OF JAPAN.



THE STONE BASIN, WITH KUNNING WATER AND A DIPPER, AT WHICH THE GUESTS PURIFY THEMSELVES BEFORE ENTERING THE TEA-ROOM: A HALTING-PLACE IN A MINIATURE GARDEN WHICH IS INTENDED TO ENCOURAGE CONTEMPLATION AND SERENITY.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE TEA-ROOM: AN OPENING, LIKE THE DOOR OF A HEN-ROOST, WHICH IS SO SMALL THAT THE GUESTS HAVE TO CREEP THROUGH IT—SHOWING WOODEN CLOG LEFT OUTSIDE BY THE FIRST GUEST.



AN ARBOUR FOR GUESTS TO RETIRE TO BEFORE CEREMONIALLY TAKING THICK TEA: A RESTING-PLACE FOR SMOKING AND CHATTING, FROM WHICH THE GUESTS ARE SUMMONED BY A GONG WHICH IS USUALLY ANCIENT AND OF RARE QUALITY.



A JAPANESE HOSTESS WELCOMES THE GUESTS AT HER TEA-PARTY: THE PRINCIPAL GUEST, OR LEADER, HAS ADVANCED A LITTLE WHILE THE TEA-BOWL, CADDY, AND OTHER FURNITURE ARE SEEN.



A CEREMONIOUS INTERCHANGE OF COURTESIES—DURING WHICH THE PRINCIPAL GUEST ACKNOWLEDGES THE GREETING ON BEHALF OF HER FELLOW GUESTS: PROPERLY ARRANGED ON THE BLACK-LACQUERED STAND ON THE LEFT.

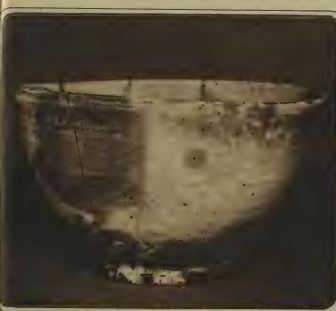


CEREMONIOUS PRELIMINARIES TO MAKING TEA: A JAPANESE PROFESSIONAL TEA-MASTER POURING HOT WATER INTO HIS TEA-BOWL TO RINSE THE WHISK (USED FOR STIRRING), WHICH IS SEEN IN FRONT OF THE GOLD-LACQUERED CADDY OF TEA-POWDER STANDING AT THE SIDE OF THE BOWL.

AMONG the very numerous pictures reproduced in colours in "The Illustrated London News" Christmas Number, which will be published on Monday next, November 23, will be found a unique set recording, charmingly and quaintly, the Tea Ceremony of Japan. Correctness of detail is assured by the fact that the paintings are by a Japanese artist, Saiten Tamura, while the descriptive article accompanying them is by a Japanese writer, Yasunosuke Fukukita. Here, contenting ourselves with photogravure, we give a series of photographs of phases of the same ceremony. *Cha-no-yu*, it must be added, is somewhat misleadingly called the Tea Ceremony of Japan; but it has no parallel and it is peculiar to Japan. In *cha-no-yu*, tea is, so to speak, an excuse for appreciating art and worshipping nature. Let us imagine that we are invited to a noon party in the autumn or spring. There are five guests, of whom the principal, called *shokyaku*, functions as leader. As the guests arrive, one by one and assemble in the *yoritsuki*, or waiting-room, they greet one another, expressing the joy of sharing the hospitality of their host. In due time the host comes, and quietly opens the paper sliding-door. He makes a deep bow and retraces his steps to the tea-room without saying anything to the guests. This silent salutation is understood to mean that the host is ready to receive the guests in the tea-room. The entrance to the tea-room is so small



A MUCH-PRIZED GONG USED IN THE JAPANESE CEREMONY OF TAKING TEA TO SUMMON THE GUESTS BACK FROM THE REST-ARBOUR IN WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN SMOKING AND CHATTING.



A TEA-BOWL FROM WHICH THE FIRST SIP OF TEA IS TAKEN IN THE JAPANESE CEREMONY: KOREAN WARE, HIGHLY PRIZED FOR ITS PLAIN AND ARTLESS CHARM, AND NOTED FOR THE UNIQUE CLOUD EFFECT.

come back to the tea-room. Five or seven strokes are given usually. As soon as the first stroke is heard, the guests are expected to stop chatting or smoking and listen attentively in reverent attitude. It is the signal that the host is ready to serve the *koicha*, or thick tea. In an atmosphere conducive to restfulness and serenity, they listen to the sighing of pines, as the music of the boiling water is poetically called.

## A "SECULAR PASTIME", AN EXCUSE FOR APPRECIATING NATURE.



THE OUTSIDE OF THE YORITSUKI, OR WAITING-ROOM, IN WHICH GUESTS ASSEMBLE TO AWAIT THEIR HOST—ON THE LEFT, THE SLIDING PAPER DOOR BY WHICH THEY ENTER—TO PASS OUT ON THE FURTHER SIDE.



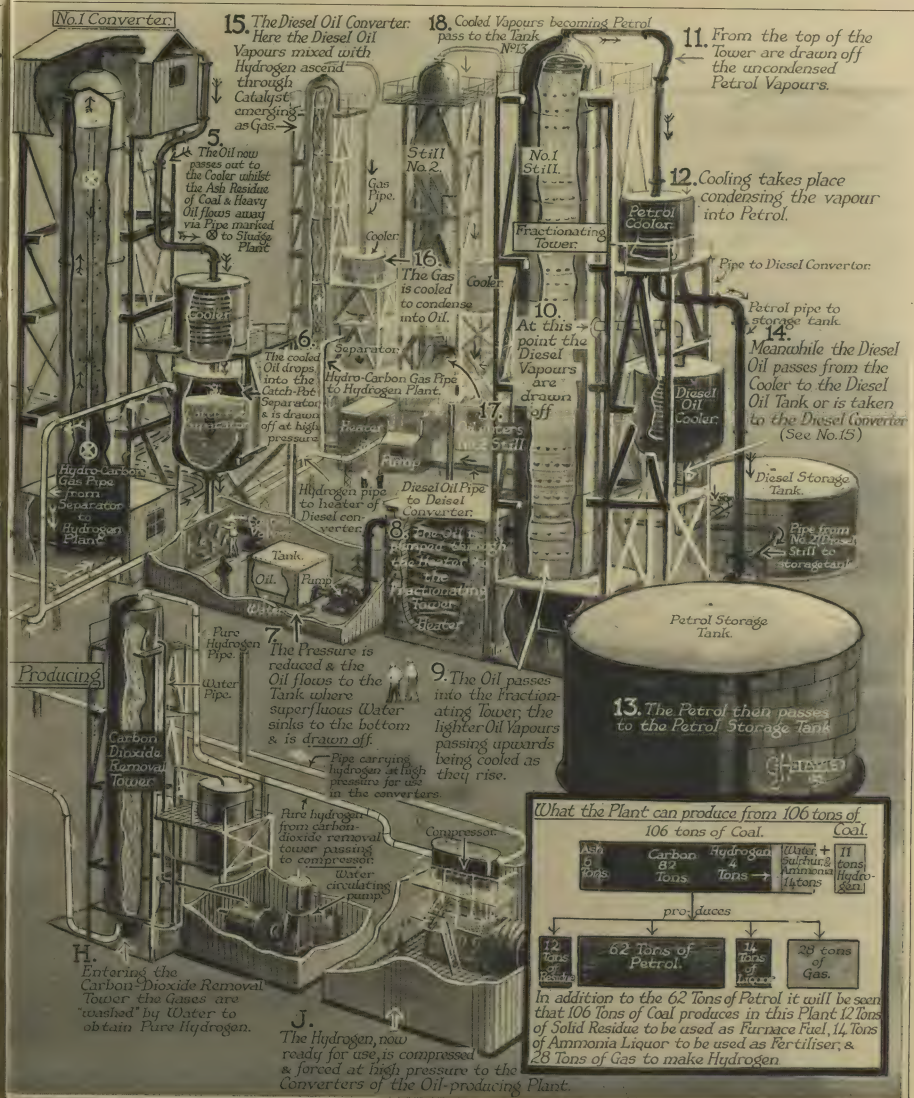
A JAPANESE HOSTESS RECEIVING BACK THE TEA-CADDY (SEEN IN FRONT OF HER), THE CADDY BAG, AND THE BAMBOO SPOON AFTER THEY HAVE BEEN EXAMINED AND PRAISED BY THE GUESTS AT THE CEREMONY, WHO COURTEOUSLY SOLICITED THE PRIVILEGE OF INSPECTING THEM CLOSELY.

that the guests have to creep in. Each guest kneels in front of the *tokonoma* (alcove) and looks reverentially at the *katemono*. There is nothing gorgeous or magnificent in the room, but a careful observer will discover that all things there are so placed as to set one another off. Only a true host knows how to entertain his guests with a twig of camellia-tree, with one bud half-open and a few leaves in a small vase severely plain. One peculiarity of the *kaiseki* meal is the custom that everything brought in by the host personally. The tea-room is accessible to none but the host while the entertainment is going on. The host comes in from time to time, but he does not dine with the guests in the same room. When the meal is over, each guest puts in order all empty dishes and bowls on his tray, which the host will remove one by one to the adjoining room. Usually, a gong which is an antique work of art is hung near the tea-room in order to give a signal for the guests to come back to the tea-room. Five or seven strokes are given usually. As soon as the first stroke is heard, the guests are expected to stop chatting or smoking and listen attentively in reverent attitude. It is the signal that the host is ready to serve the *koicha*, or thick tea. In an atmosphere conducive to restfulness and serenity, they listen to the sighing of pines, as the music of the boiling water is poetically called.



## PETROL WE NEED BY THE HYDROGENATION PROCESS.

BILTINGHAM WORKS OF IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES, LTD.



PRODUCTION OF PETROL FROM COAL TO REPLACE IMPORTS COSTING £40,000,000 A YEAR.

Government to be not less than the price to the consumer to-day (Is. 4jd. per gallon), this great enterprise of vital national importance could be started as soon as the capital for construction is available. The estimates given allow for writing off the whole of the capital sum in eleven years, and for paying a reasonable rate of interest in addition. With the present abnormally low price of imported petrol, the full benefit of the existing import duty would be required to make the industry a commercial success. There is no doubt, however, that the import price of petrol, which is at present 2jd. (and two years ago was about 6jd.), will rise appreciably in the near future, and in this event the new industry would in itself be able to contribute a considerable sum to the Exchequer. The above diagrammatic drawing is divided into two sections. The upper portion, which may be followed in sequence from No. 1 to 16, shows the actual production of petrol from coal; while the lower portion, in sequence by letters A to J, shows the ancillary process of producing the necessary hydrogen.



## THE MARKETING OF SOVIET TREASURES: MASTERPIECES SAID TO HAVE BEEN SOLD.



"THE ANNUNCIATION."—BY JAN VAN EYCK.  
(C. 1380—C. 1440.)



"PHILIP LORD WHARTON."—BY VAN DYCK.  
(1599-1641.)



"PORTRAIT OF HELENA FOURMENT."—BY RUBENS.  
(1577-1640.)



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI"—BY BOTTICELLI (1447-1510): ONE OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS PICTURES OF THE HERMITAGE MUSEUM COLLECTION, LENINGRAD, WHICH ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN SOLD BY THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT.

Writing in the "Daily Telegraph" a few days ago, Mr. R. R. Tatlock noted: "From an English source I am informed that Mr. Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury in the United States Cabinet, has paid for a small collection of Old Masters from the Hermitage, Leningrad, the vast sum of £1,600,000 sterling. I am aware that the Soviet Government demanded some time ago £250,000 for Raphael's 'Madonna and Joseph.'" He then went on to say that his investigations had satisfied him that there was truth in the recent rumours that the Russian

Government had been selling certain of Russia's art treasures quietly for a while past; and he added that he was definitely in a position to state that a number of pictures—some of them ranking with the greatest masterpieces of the world—had been sold from the Hermitage Collection. With regard to the works with whose purchase Mr. Mellon is credited, Mr. Tatlock announced that these include Van Eyck's "The Annunciation," Van Dyck's "Portrait of Philip Lord Wharton," and Rubens's "Portrait of Helena Fourment," the artist's second wife; adding:

[Continued opposite.



# NO LONGER IN THE HERMITAGE MUSEUM? OLD MASTERS BELIEVED LOST TO RUSSIA.



"PORTRAIT OF INNOCENT X."—BY VELASQUEZ.  
(1599-1660.)



"THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH BEARLESS ST. JOSEPH."—BY RAPHAEL.  
(1483-1520.)



"HELENA RUBENS (HELENA FOURMENT) AND HER DAUGHTER"—BY RUBENS  
(1577-1640)—FORMERLY ATTRIBUTED TO VAN DYCK.



"A POLISH NOBLEMAN"—BY REMBRANDT (1607-1669): ONE OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS  
MASTERPIECES REPORTED SOLD BY THE SOVIET.

*Continued*].

"These three pictures and certain others were bought through the agency of a well-known London firm by Mr. Mellon, who paid a visit to Europe during the summer." Some of the more important of the other pictures reported by Mr. Tatlock as having been disposed of by the Soviet are reproduced on these pages; with the three masterpieces already mentioned. It may be remarked further that Mr. Tatlock reported also that he had received from a reliable Continental source information that "about a fortnight ago a very large manufacturer, to whom the

Soviet Government owe a great sum of money on account of deliveries to Russia of machinery, received from the Soviet an offer of a number of very important Old Masters from the Hermitage as security." In a subsequent article, Mr. Tatlock gave a further list of pictures and said: "On inquiry at the Russian Embassy in London, the statement was made by a high official: 'I know no more than what appeared in the 'Daily Telegraph.' The news there published must be accepted as correct.'"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRAUN, MANSELL AND BRUCKMANN.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. NEW LIGHT ON SPORTING PAINTERS.

Being an Appreciation of "A Book of Sporting Painters," by Walter Shaw Sparrow.\* By FRANK DAVIS.

THIS is a handsome and splendidly illustrated volume,\* in which very great knowledge, not to mention a praiseworthy enthusiasm, is concealed beneath a formidable mantle of garrulous chatter. Let us glance at the author's crimes before passing on to his virtues, which are solid and numerous.



A NORTH-COUNTRY SPORTSMAN OF THE 'THIRTIES: RALPH JOHN LAMBTON, OF MERTON HOUSE, DURHAM, WITH HIS HOUNDS; PAINTED BY THE ELDER JOHN FERNELEY, AND DATED 1832.

In a note on this picture, Mr. Sparrow writes: "A charming picture by the Elder John Ferneley, in Captain Lambton's collection. Dated from Melton Mowbray in 1832." He also quotes from the "New Sporting Magazine" of 1832 as follows: "Mr. Ferneley, the celebrated animal painter of Melton Mowbray, has been at Sedgefield, for the purpose of giving the finishing touches to his picture of Ralph Lambton and his hounds. . . ."

Reproductions from "A Book of Sporting Painters" by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.

There is an extraordinary emphasis on non-essentials, and devastatingly unimportant facts are heralded with tremendous flourish. For example, George Stubbs was believed to have been born on Aug. 24, 1724. Mr. Sparrow has discovered that the correct date is Aug. 25. This epoch-making contribution to history is announced as follows: "Have you ever tried to verify the dates of his birth and baptism? A few months ago I asked myself this question, and then wrote at a venture to a parish clerk in Liverpool, choosing as a likely church the one dedicated to St. Nicholas. It proved to be the church I needed, and from the parish clerk I obtained an official copy, attested and stamped, of a certificate recording the birth and baptism of George Stubbs. This document cost only three shillings and sevenpence, yet I seem to be the first writer on art who has bought facts about Stubbs from the registers of St. Nicholas, where he was christened on Aug. 31st, 1724. Hitherto I had believed that he was born in Old Ormond St. on August 24, 1724; the certified date was a day later [author's italics], and his parents were living in Dale St." This sort of thing bulks out a book admirably, and there is something to be said for bathos as a vehicle of deliberate humour; but I submit that here it is out of place, and more likely to be productive of yawns than of eager attention.

Much is made of baptismal certificates, wills, and marriage certificates throughout, and several are reproduced in facsimile; we are invited to note them all carefully for the light

they throw on the artist's character and friends. Here are, for example, the marriage lines of George Morland and Ann Ward, sister of William Ward, the engraver. Nasty fellow, Morland! "Items of the man's inner self look out upon us from his wedding certificate. Though he is active in a duty that Religion and the State ordain and control, he omits from his signature his second baptismal name, showing inconsequence towards the fact that his christening ceremony was both legal and religious. Henry Thomas Alken, also, dropped his second Christian name, but he appears as Henry Thomas Alken in his wedding lines, and in all other known documents having legal use and value. So he never lost touch with his baptism." It is most gratifying to know that from henceforth we can not only admire Alken as an artist, but honour and respect him as a man.

There is a good deal more of this sort of thing, together with some very odd opinions upon art—one being that Gainsborough's interest in music was definitely harmful to his work as a painter: there is a lengthy appendix reproducing the wills of Stubbs, Landseer, Sir Francis Grant, and many others, perhaps not exactly relevant; and there is a faintly hysterical condemnation of the authorities for unduly favouring Continental schools of painting at the expense of our own. Here is a point which can be argued at length, though it is not easy to agree entirely with the author's thesis; on the whole it is difficult to praise too highly the selection of pictures in our national collections, with the notable exception of certain dreary Chantrey Bequest purchases at the Tate Gallery. On the other hand, if a German

met me in the street and said he had heard a great deal about a famous painter of horses called Ben Marshall, and could I tell him where to see a good example in a public gallery, I should be puzzled; I think I should have to send him to a dealer or get him an introduction to a private collection. More power, then, to Mr. Sparrow's elbow in his attempt to obtain a more general recognition of the merits of men who, though well below the level of great artists, are first-class second-raters, and loved all that world of country



AN EPIC FIGURE OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN: "JOHN LEVETT HUNTING IN THE PARK AT WYCHNOR, STAFFORDSHIRE," AN OIL PAINTING, WITH A FINE DISTANCE, BY JAMES WARD, R.A.—DATED 1817; IN COLONEL BERKELEY LEVETT'S COLLECTION.

The following sentence occurs in Mr. W. S. Sparrow's chapter on the sporting painter James Ward, R.A.: "Among Ward's earlier patrons were Lord Ribblesdale, in Yorkshire, and Sir John Leicester, afterwards Lord de Tabley. . . . But his earliest and latest country patron was the Levett family of Wychnor Park in Staffordshire, that possessed many of his works from his earliest manner to the latest."

life and country pursuits which is not the least of our traditions.

The illustrations, 136 of them, are extremely well chosen, and, taken in connection with the same author's earlier book entitled "British Sporting Artists," form a record of the best work in this distinctively English department of art which could scarcely be bettered. Nor is it possible to do anything but praise wholeheartedly the author's account of the surroundings and difficulties of the various painters, as soon as he allows himself to forget parish clerks and remember that what is important is not whether a man was born on April 1 or 2, but what was his contribution to the traditions he inherited. Here an extraordinary knowledge of contemporary diaries and newspapers is put to admirable use. To choose only one chapter out of many, I think most people will be charmed by the way in which the character of Ben Marshall is illuminated by the extracts from his journalistic contributions, which are given at considerable length. It



A CHAMPION BRUISER IN MUFTI: JOHN JACKSON (1769-1845) THE PRIZE RING CHAMPION OF ENGLAND (1795-1803), WHO WAS KNOWN AS GENTLEMAN JACKSON: BY BEN MARSHALL. (37 IN. BY 28½ IN.)

In his chapter on Ben Marshall, after comparing Marshall and Ferneley as painters of horses, Mr. Sparrow writes: "As a figure painter Ferneley is far below Marshall. He could have taken lessons from Marshall's fine portrait of Gentleman Jackson, which I reproduce here by permission of the National Sporting Club. It is dated 1810, just seven years after Jackson retired from the Prize Ring Championship of England, handing on this envied title to James Belcher."

is to Mr. Sparrow that we owe the identification of the painter with "Observer" in the *Sporting Magazine*, between the years 1821-1833. He discloses an attitude to life very different from that of the other probably better-known contributor to sporting literature of the period, "Nimrod." Very justly, Mr. Sparrow remarks: "The more one learns about Nimrod as a man the less one likes him; the nearer one gets to the gay and loyal Observer, the more one is attracted by his convivial candour and his unselfish pluck."

Incidentally, a course of reading in the sporting magazines of the early years of the nineteenth century is by no means a bad introduction to the appreciation of the sporting pictures of the time; one learns nothing whatever about art, but one does get some sort of insight into the world in which both artists and their patrons moved. There is another very good chapter upon eighteenth-century agriculture, and a useful reminder of the way in which various artists acted as publicity agents to the activities of cattle-breeders. Another section deals with the individuals of the Alken family, and we are given a most valuable family tree which will make it impossible for anyone to mistake one individual for another for the rest of time. In short, but for irritating absurdities such as those mentioned at the beginning of this review, a most interesting and valuable contribution to the study of a subject which has by no means yet achieved the popularity it deserves.

\* "A Book of Sporting Painters." By Walter Shaw Sparrow. (Messrs. John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.; £2 2s.)





## WHEAT AND CHAFF



There are seasons when the farmer cannot see his wheat for the chaff. That about sums up the state of affairs to-day. Depression—like the chaff—is so rife that it is difficult to estimate true values.

But there comes a day when the wheat must be winnowed. This is the winnowing. This is the time for action and enterprise ; for sweeping away depression ; for cultivating wider interests. Let action and enterprise lead you to visit South Africa, not merely for health and enjoyment but to open up new business and to find fresh sources of demand and supply. In this Dominion is a vast field of opportunity that awaits reaping.

“Radiant Tours,” specially organised by the South African Railways and Shipping Companies, provide the readiest and most reasonable means of visiting South Africa. Full information on request to the Director, Union Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C.2, and the leading Shipping Companies and Travel Agencies.



## WHAT IS LACKING IN THE WORLD?

(Continued from Page 820.)

reason to consider thoroughly solid could be thrown into such disorder in less than ten years? Because no one in Europe or America, in the two continents which directed the affairs of the world, thought such a catastrophe possible. The tranquillity with which the two continents watched the Turkish Revolution and the beginning of the crisis lasted until two or three years ago. Between 1914 and 1919 the European War was spoken of as a great revolution which was taking place before our eyes and was outside the scope of our too-timid plans; but that revolution was considered as though it marked another and great development of the favourable conditions in which the world was accustomed to live, a development obtainable by sacrifices small in comparison with the results achieved. Very few people asked themselves if the World War was not destined, on the contrary, to annul the benefits which the last generations had been privileged to enjoy. The treaties of peace and the policy followed by all the States after 1919 prove how tenacious were the illusions of our optimism. Both rest on the certainty that from 1919 the world would become again what it was in 1914—that the relations between the peoples would be as sure and that one could foresee and discount the future with the same chance of success.

Now this mistake has begun to make itself felt. During the past ten years history has been one continual sequence of painful surprises and bitter disappointments, for the States as for the peoples. Very few of the hopes were verified; many events of which no one had thought, because they seemed so completely impossible, have happened and made us doubtful about everything. The reaction brought about in the mind of the public by so many surprises and disappointments has begun. General depression has followed on excess of confidence. We had imagined that the social order under which we lived was eternal, like the cosmic order; at present we see that it is full of fissures, crevasses, and cracks. From one moment to another, we expect that it may crumble away, and we seek for architects to rebuild it. That is what was disclosed by the state of mind of the three Genevan workmen and the German burgomaster. We are caught in the Apocalypse.

But the reaction is as false as was the confidence of ten years ago. It is easy to say that the world in which we live is condemned and that it must be remade on a new plan. To remake it, a plan is necessary. Everyone is looking for such a plan or telling others to look for it. Nothing in this world is eternal; the institutions under which we live, the economic methods which we use, will

also pass away. But they are too deeply rooted for us to believe that they will pass as quickly or as easily as so many discouraged minds think. Also, we ought to guard ourselves from complicating still more the very great difficulties which exist by enlarging them with our imagination. Is the world suffering cruelly to-day because its whole political and economic system is false or because a single part—relatively small—has been warped? That is the real question which we must put to ourselves. The answer does not seem doubtful to me, if one compares the present condition of the world with the peace and unique order which it enjoyed from 1815 to 1914. The whole perturbation is the outcome of the World War and the revolutions which were provoked by the World War. The World War warped the political and economic system of the world because that system requires solid peace and juridic order. Here you have the whole question in a nutshell.

We are the civilisation of science, of the great industrial development of political and intellectual liberty, and of the representative régime. That civilisation has its inconveniences and advantages, like all the human creations. But peace and order are necessary conditions if those inconveniences are to be reduced to a minimum and those advantages to reach a maximum. The old qualitative civilisations which existed before the French Revolution could develop in their traditional slowness, even in the midst of chronic anarchy. We can no longer do that, for we are paralysed by the disorders of war and revolutions.

The reasons for that difference are numerous: I will only cite one here; the most visible, the most massive, so to speak. It is the increase of population. One of the reasons why the old civilisations were able to resist so well the disorders and destructions of revolutions was the fact that the populations did not increase or increased very slowly. They had no need to accumulate enormous capital, to provide for the needs of new generations; they could sacrifice their savings to make wars or for unproductive work. The civilisation of the great industrial development cannot continue without a rapid increase of population. The increase has even become too huge among many of the big peoples. But the augmentation of the population demands immense accumulations of capital; and capital only accumulates in times of peace, internal and external. Wars and revolutions destroy it.

This is so true that the countries which are suffering most in consequence of the war are the over-populated countries—Italy, Germany, and England. The terrible unemployment by which a part of Europe and the United States are afflicted is due not to a passing lack of balance

of the industrial system, but to the destruction of capital which was brought about by the war, by the revolutions which succeeded it, and by the mad waste of the first years of the peace. Besides, the increase of population is only one of the reasons why the social system which has governed Europe and America for the past century, and has gradually extended over the whole earth, needs peace. There have been many other causes, which there is not space to deal with here; but, if it is essentially the wars and revolutions which, since 1914, have disturbed the vital balance of the modern world, would it not be simpler to endeavour to bring back a little more order into the States, and give the peoples reasonable confidence in the duration of peace, before endeavouring to form a new plan for the world?

I know it is not easy for a State which has left legality to return to it; any more than it is for two people who have fought each other furiously to forget their quarrel. It is only too true that, if the nineteenth century made the methods of war more powerful, it also increased the difficulties of making peace. But it will always be easier to replace by regular governments the more or less futurist dictatorships of which the world is full, and to find a balance for rival interests of States and people, than to create a new civilisation. I cannot understand how an epoch which is incapable of finding juridical order at the end of its revolutions, and a reasonable peace at the end of its wars, can succeed in finding a new formula for universal happiness.

That is why, even if the moves prove useless, the intervention of the United States Government in the Chino-Japanese conflict and the collaboration it has given to the League of Nations are good signs. The United States are beginning to understand that if a world in distress is to be helped the most urgent thing to do is to prevent it making new wars. If the Peace continues, many wounds which are now open will be healed; but if great wars break out, even in the Far East, the misery of the world will have no end.

In addition, the world needs the United States because the condition of Germany gives increasing cause for anxiety. The hope that Germany can rise above the crisis in which she is struggling without making the experiment of a new social organisation grows daily weaker. The attempt made by Germany to find the new plan of which so much is spoken will have a far greater importance than any experiment; but the dangers will also be much greater if the attempt is chimerical and fails. That is why the Western States which are still solid will do well never to lose sight of the fact that what the world most requires to-day are Order and Peace!

## corot models by instalments

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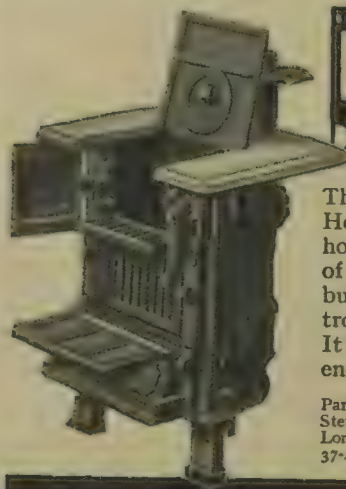
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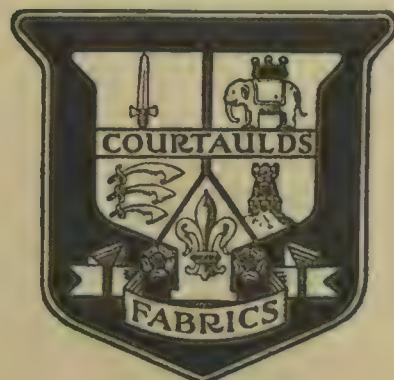
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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

DAME ETHEL SMYTH AND EINSTEIN.

OUR foremost woman composer, Dame Ethel Smyth, did what no other English composer has done—that is, draw a letter from the famous scientist, Professor Einstein, on the subject of women artists; and this week she has achieved the distinction of having her big choral work, "The Prison," performed for the second time in London within twelve months. It is far easier for an original composition by a living musician to find a first performance than a second; so it is no mean achievement to have such a big work performed twice in so short a time and under such favourable conditions. The Philharmonic Choir, founded by Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott, is one of the finest choirs in the country, and when it sang in Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," about a year ago, under the famous conductor Otto Klemperer, from Berlin, he was most enthusiastic about its performance.

Einstein is a great lover of music and an amateur violinist, so I wish he had said something about Dame Ethel Smyth's music in the letter from him which she recently published, for her work presents something of a problem. Personally, I am not persuaded, in spite of its second performance, that "The Prison" is one of her best compositions. In choosing this nineteenth-century semi-rhapsodical poetic prose of H. B. Brewster to set, Dame Ethel Smyth, to my mind, tackled a very ungrateful subject. The notion of the spirit of man imprisoned in fleshly bars struggling to be free was a favourite one with multitudes of people during the past century, and, like all ideas that have been strong and influential, it is the form rather than the idea that becomes dated and worn out. To me, Brewster's poetical prose seems often banal and platitudinous, with its echoes of Walt Whitman and other humanitarian writers of the period. This much may be said for the composer: that she has done her utmost to put life into these dead words, and in this work she shows all her own energy, even if her invention is not always quite happy. The singing was good, and the soloists, Mr. Keith Falkner and Miss Elsie Suddaby, were excellent. It cannot be said that the composer, with her very angular and stiff beat, excels as a conductor, but she always secures a vigorous and alert performance.

## THE PHILHARMONIC CHOIR.

The rest of the programme was devoted to Bach's Cantata No. 68, "God so loved the world," and Purcell's "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem," for voices and strings. The honours of the evening, I think it will be generally admitted, went to Purcell. The Philharmonic Choir have made an appeal for public support which was backed by practically every distinguished musician in the country, as well as by such foreign musicians as Otto Klemperer and Felix Weingartner; but, good as the choir and its conductor and trainer, Mr. C. Kennedy Scott, are, I do not think it chooses its programmes very successfully, or in a way that is likely to appeal to the more eager and curious section of the musical public. It is, of course, important to do new works, but if the new works are themselves not of a kind to arouse curiosity, then it is all the more important to mix with them those that would be certain attractions.

## THE HAYDN CENTENARY.

Next year will be a Haydn centenary. The Philharmonic Choir might do well to give us a really first-rate performance of the "Creation" or "The Seasons." The former is almost unknown to the present generation, and, seeing the great success Sir Thomas Beecham had when he thoroughly revitalised the "Messiah," which had become boring through incrustation with dead conventions, the Philharmonic Choir might do well to invite him to prepare for them a centenary performance of the great rival work, or of that practically unknown masterpiece, "The Seasons." Also, it might occasionally present the public with a production of some really modern music by one of our younger composers—Mr. William Walton, for example. None of the younger generation of composers has appeared in its programmes, only such well-known names as Arnold Bax, Vaughan Williams, Delius, and Elgar. W. J. TURNER.

Among winter cruises arranged by British shipping companies are three by the 20,000 tons Cunard liner, *Laconia*, covering a total of 22,000 miles and ranging in cost from 32 guineas. The first cruise, to the West Indies and West Africa, begins from Liverpool on Jan. 22, and lasts six weeks. A special call will

be made at La Guayra, in Venezuela, South America. The Easter holidays come within the period of the second cruise, starting from Southampton on March 12. Between Good Friday and Easter Monday the *Laconia* will call at Palma, Cagliari, and Algiers. The *Laconia*'s third voyage, from Southampton on April 5, to Spain, North Africa, the Atlantic Isles, and Portugal, is a short sixteen-day cruise. For those who have the money and time to spare, the world cruise of the *Franconia* may prove attractive. Fares are from £375, and arrangements have been made for a special party to leave London on Jan. 21, joining the ship at Monaco on Jan. 22. In addition, the *Aquitania* is to become a winter pleasure-cruise ship. She is to make two voyages to the Mediterranean in February and March, and British people wintering on the Mediterranean seaboard will have an opportunity of booking port-to-port passages in this famous vessel.

## "A BOOK OF DRAGONS."

Of all the problems yearly set to benevolent and dutiful elders at Christmas-present time, that presented by the "betwixt and between" is apt to be the most difficult. "Well, he's really too old for soldiers—and he's not quite old enough for Captain Marryat yet. Whatever shall I do about it?" Such perplexities as these are solved by the admirable "Book of Dragons," a volume of clever, humorous drawings, in colour and otherwise, by Alfred Leete. The Dragon Book cannot fail to afford hours of pleasure to any child old enough to appreciate the brilliant portrayal of the many episodes in the life of Dennys, "Rouge Dragon of the Fiery Breath." Our readers need have no fear of introducing Dennys into any family circle this Christmas—he will ensure for himself a warm welcome wherever he goes. Among the amusing incidents of which the book is full may be cited "The Buying of Dennys," "A Good Dragon Year in Prospect," "Smoking Out Rabbits," "Assisting the Castle Barber," and "Dennys Does a Good Turn to the Castle Cook." His humorous adventures will be familiar to readers of *The Sketch*, where Dennys has frequently appeared with invariable success. "A Book of Dragons" is priced at 6s., and is published by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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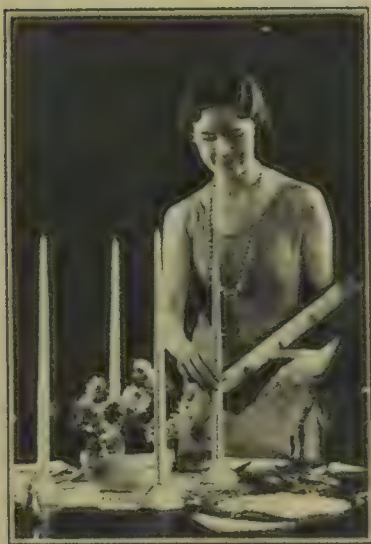
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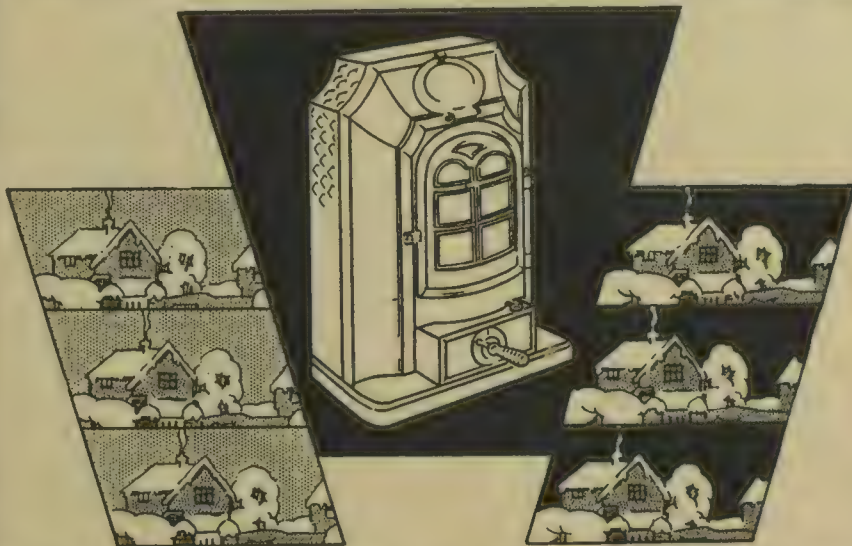
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# THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

LONDON and Paris have now had their annual car exhibitions, also the former its biennial commercial motor-vehicle show. Paris has this also every year. Consequently, Europe has displayed her novelties in motors for 1932, and is now eagerly waiting for Jan. 9 to arrive, in order to see the New York Motor Show. So far Europe has given the free-wheel the go-by, as practically no manufacturer standardises a simple free-wheel or coaster arrangement for the transmission. Only a few makers even offer to add it as an extra. No doubt that will astonish my U.S.A. friends, as from the notes which they send me I am expecting to see "free-wheel" gears the chief novelty in 1932 U.S.A. motors. But one must not forget that Europe is going far beyond a mere free-wheel. She is seeking to abolish the clutch-pedal and provide the transmission with fluid flywheels or hydraulic torque-converters, so that gear-changing is performed automatically, without any effort from the driver beyond moving a tiny lever on the steering column or on a quadrant on the steering-wheel.

In such designs as Daimler, Armstrong-Siddeley, Lanchester, Lagonda, Mercedes-Benz with Maybach transmission, Mathis, Horch, Isotta-Fraschini, and others with pre-selective type of gears, the neutral is the free-wheel position when the car itself is not over-running the engine's revolutions of the fluid fly-wheel or hydraulic transmission. In the recent Commercial Vehicle Show at Olympia, both the drivers of the Daimler bus and the Leyland coach dispensed



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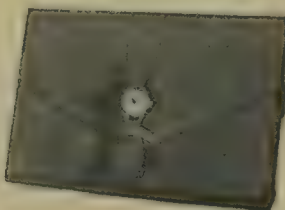
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with the clutch-pedal, letting the oil in the transmission system give all the slip necessary at various road speeds. Perhaps I ought to explain that the Leyland heavy vehicle chassis has a "torque-converter," otherwise an oil impeller, or pump, which is their latest and successful improvement of their original hydraulic transmission system of 1911 or 1912, which absorbed too much power at that date to be a practical device. Now it has become the best publicity agent for Leylands for many a day, as "the bus without a clutch or gear-box." Not quite accurate, but an excellent bait to attract attention to its existence.

The Terry Foot-Rest.

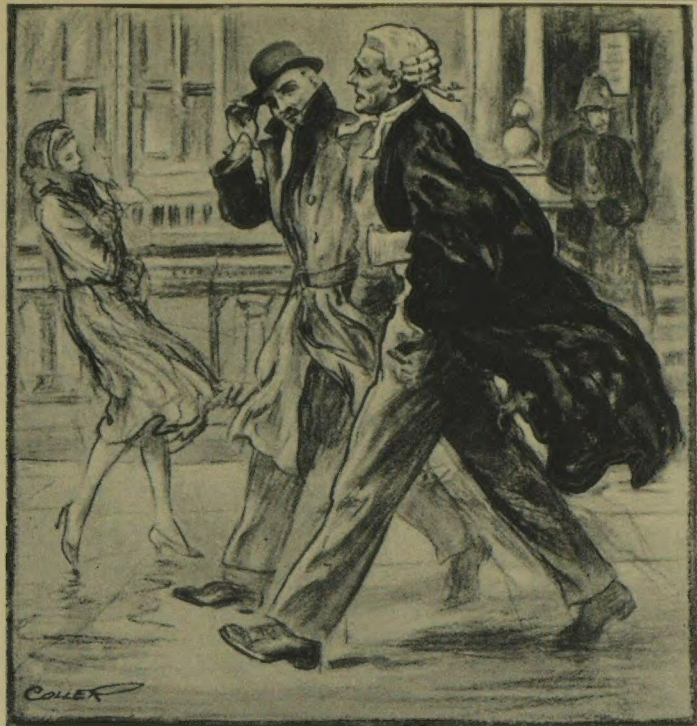
The well-known makers of springs, Herbert Terry and Sons, Ltd., of Redditch, have introduced this winter a new footstool for the passenger car. As can be imagined coming from such a factory, it is a spring foot-rest made of oak with rustless steel springs, and the footboard is overlaid with a rubber tread. This Terry spring foot-rest insulates the feet and nether limbs of passengers from all jars of the road. In fact, in place of one's ankles and knee-joints taking up the shock, this is done by the springs of the foot-rest, while the feet "move rhythmically with the action of the car," state its inventors. Terrys have applied all their knowledge of spring-making acquired since 1855 in these footstools to make them a comfort device for the feet, as they did in their saddles for cycle-riders many years ago. I can recommend them as an extra comfort for motoring, as most people need a foot-stool as well as a rug to prevent tired feet and numbed limbs on a long journey, sitting at the back of a car. I believe they cost 12s. 6d. for each passenger, and are sold by the usual dealers and agents for motor accessories, including cycle-shops. These stools also are so designed that the user finds his or her feet at the most comfortable angle when resting on them.

Gadgets for Winter Rides.

This is the season of the year when a large number of makers of useful accessories for winter motoring wake up from the summer slumber and advertise their goods—if they are wise. If my correspondence conveys a true impression to

[Continued overleaf.]





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(Continued.)

me of the needs of the average car-owner, it would appear that no one knows where they can buy commercial, or, rather, radiator-type, glycerine as anti-freezing dope for their circulating water-system; or where to buy commercial alcohol for the same use. Neither do they know who makes spot-lights and fog-lamps for fitting on the dumb-irons or bumper-bar. "Where can I buy 'Griff' non-skid chains?" asks one of my readers. "Can you recommend me a car-heater?" asks another. "My garage does not sell radiator-muffs," writes a woman driver, so asks me to tell her one which will fit her 12-h.p. Austin. Heaven helps those who help themselves, and surely it seems ridiculous that traders do not advertise their goods in season. There are some 600 makers and sellers of various accessories, of whom 400 display their wares at the annual Olympia car show, and I never see them again until the following year's show. No motor-garage or shop seems to stock any of the accessories which one wants. Whatever happens to these accessories in the meantime? No one seems to know; yet the makers have to live by the sale of them. I hope some live advertising agent will go and see them some day, and so save me writing many scores of letters giving addresses of a thankless lot of unbusinesslike traders.

#### Automobile Association Garage Booklet.

The Automobile Association is constantly thinking of means to help the average private owner. This time, the provincial motorist is particularly benefited, as the A.A. has published a booklet containing information of the garage accommodation available near selected railway stations

(Continued in Column 3.)

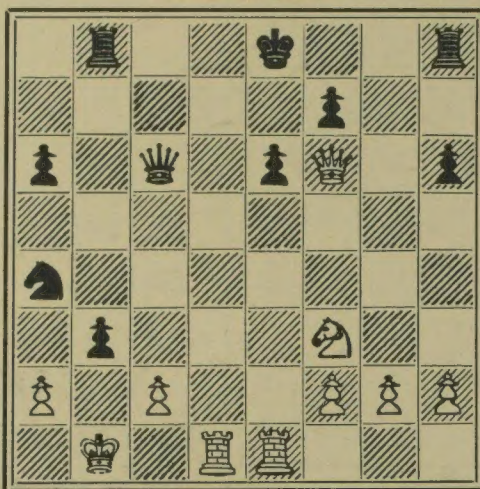
## CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Illustrated London News," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

### GAME PROBLEM No. LXVIII.

BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (10 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: r2k2r; 5p2; p1q1pQ1p; 8; s7; 1p3S2; P1P2PPP; r1KRR3.]

The last time we used an Alekhin oversight for a game problem we had a very stormy passage in substantiating our "improvement" on the champion's play; but this week we are on safer ground, as our criticism is backed by Dr. Alekhin himself. Black has just played P (from Qb5) takes P (on Qk6), allowing White to play Q×R. A Greek gift from Alekhin is likely to be a prickly present, and the mating threat looked uncomfortable, so Black played RP×P and got a draw. We think that you, reader, might have done the same under the circumstances; but, with plenty of time at your disposal, can you find White's best line? White to play and win.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN HANNAN (Newburgh).—The object of the QBP in Mr. Wigan's problem (No. 4091) is to stop a second solution by 1. Rb7 and 2. Kt×P.

H. RICHARDS (Hove) and OTHER CORRESPONDENTS.—Chess has become a more complex affair since Morphy's day, and hundreds of great minds have searched the principles that govern its strategy and tactics, printing what they found. Consequently we think Alekhin, with all this armoury at his disposal, would easily beat Paul Morphy without it.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4091 received from John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), C F Cushing (Baltimore), J W Smedley (Brooklyn), C D W Boissevain (Geneva), H Richards (Hove), J Kahn and J H Clifford (London), and J M K Lupton (Richmond); of No. 4092 from P J Wood (Wakefield) and H Richards (Hove).

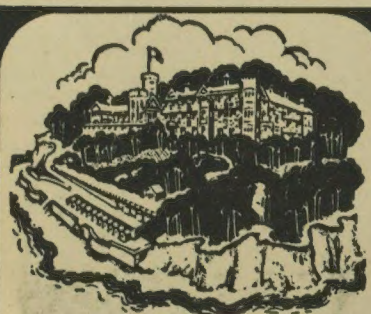
### SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. LXVI.

[3rr2k; 2q1bBpp; p4p2; 1p3R2; 8; 2P4P; PP2Q1P1; 5R1K; Black to play and draw.]

Black should have played QR7ch, when after P×Q follows BQ3ch, and if then RK5, R×R! But he saw it not, though he is one of the most subtle and profound players that ever lived—Akiba Rubinstein, no less. The lucky winner was Spielmann, renowned slayer of champions.

(Continued from Column 1.)

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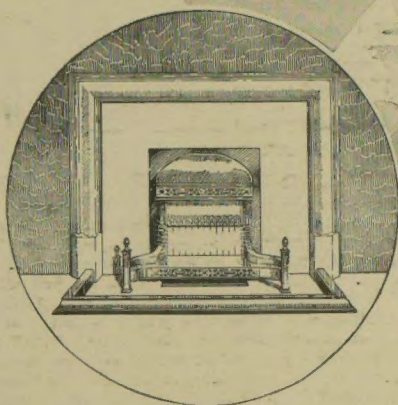


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